

Gc
974.801
B39s
v.11
1832450

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

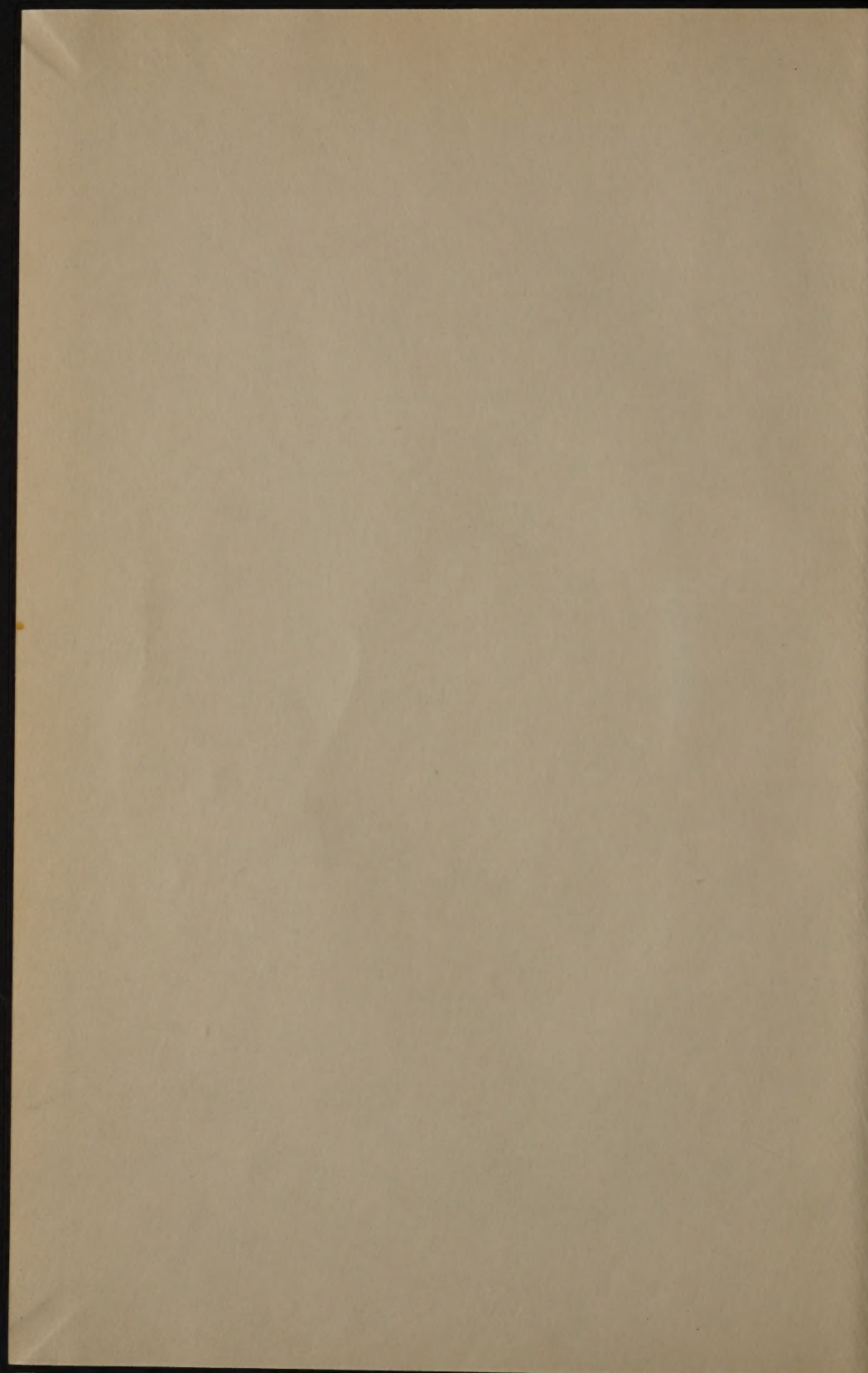
✓

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01201 4301

614J

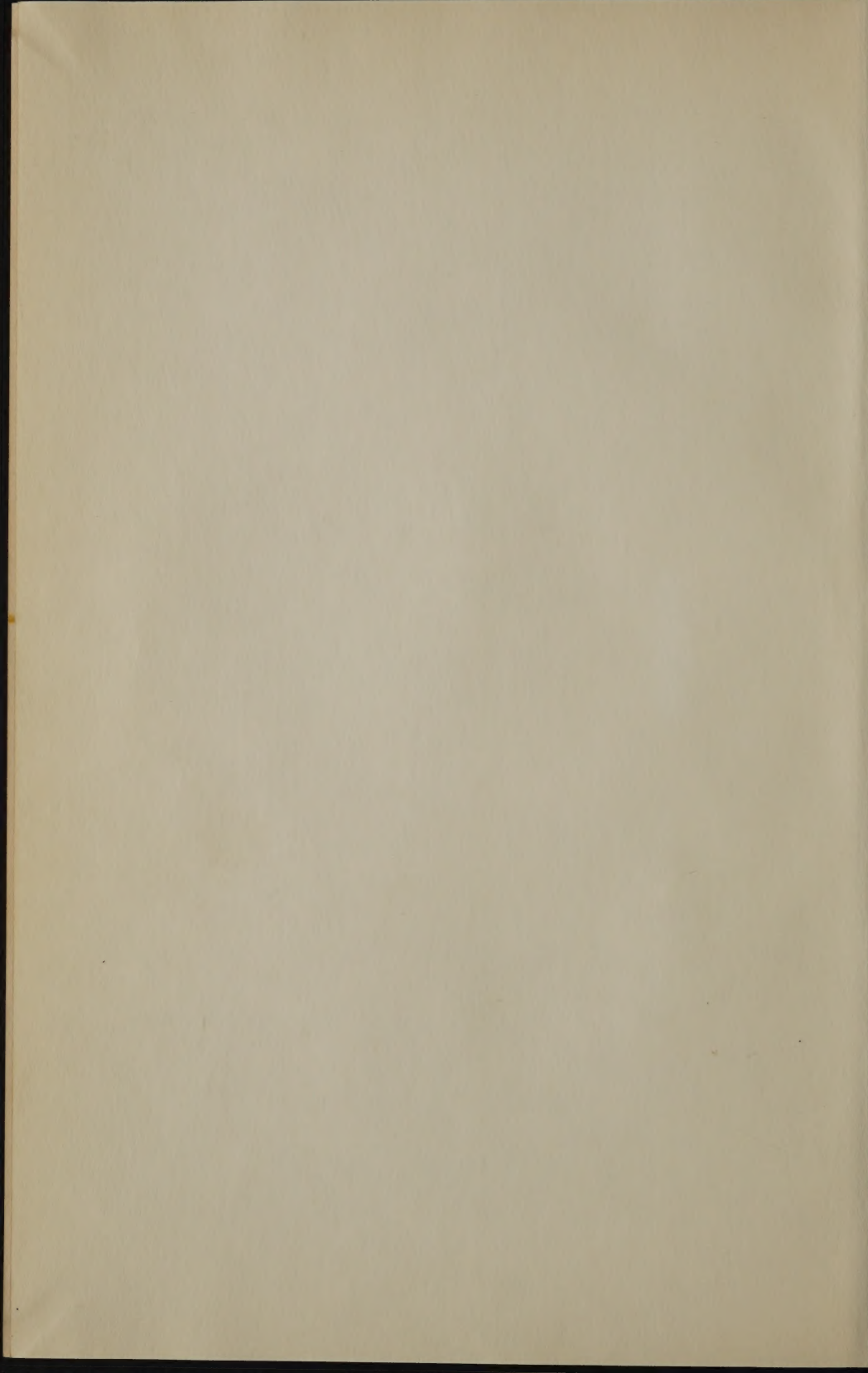


RECOLLECTIONS OF
BY GONE DAYS
IN THE COVE

WILLIAM H. SWANSON
Author of "The Cove"

NEW YORK: THE COVE PUBLISHING CO.
1907

Published by The Cove Publishing Co.,
New York, N. Y.
1907



12

RECOLLECTIONS OF
BY-GONE DAYS
IN THE COVE

VOLUME 11

ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

And Other Contributors

Originally Published in The
MORRISONS COVE HERALD

Printed and Distributed By
MORRISONS COVE HERALD
TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS
January 1, 1943

A FOREWORD

The Herald has for many years presented to its subscribers in book form the By-Gone Days in the Cove articles written for the Herald by Miss Ella M. Snowberger and published as a weekly feature throughout the preceding year.

From the many expressions of appreciation from our subscribers we are sure they greatly enjoy the prospect of having these interesting By-Gone Days books as part of their permanent library.

The many interesting incidents in the life history of our prominent Cove residents would be lost to future generations were it not that they are recorded in these By-Gone Days articles in the attractive style of Miss Snowberger's writing.

Every year at the Christmas season the Herald publisher sends a copy of the By-Gone Days books as a reminder of the good wishes and good will The Herald feels for its large circle of friends—our subscribers.

This year the book contains a number of articles by other contributors in addition to those of Miss Snowberger, all of which we feel our subscribers will appreciate the privilege of keeping for future reference.

MORRISONS COVE HERALD

Good Marksmanship Was Popular Hobby

When Edward S. Ferry, of Walnut street, Roaring Spring, shot a deer on the first day of the hunting season this year, it made the eighteenth to fall to his steady, unwavering aim. He got a turkey, too, which ran up a record few hunters have achieved.

Even so, Mr. Ferry says it's no comparison to the accomplishment of his grandfather, John Crissman. Grandfather Crissman had a count of 41 deer. As evidence that hunting is in the family blood, the old gentleman shot the last one when he was 80 years old.

Hunted at Early Age

Mr. Ferry did not respond to the urge to shoot big game until about 20 years ago. He and his brother Frank in boyhood yielded to the call of the wild by hunting rabbits, pheasants and squirrels on their father's farm or land adjacent thereto, never going beyond a radius of a couple of miles. Just what was a comfortable walking distance for a couple of boys who were kept busy on the farm.

Nevertheless, they kept up target shooting, a hold-over from the marksmanship contest, held annually on the Dan Ebersole farm near Lafayetteville, which provided the great thrill of their youthful careers.

They watched the scores of the lower classification of marksmen with interest, but the great moment came when the Appleman boys, of Bakers Summit, and the other "big shots" drew their sights on the bull's eye.

A contestant had to have the sight of an eagle to see the bull's eye, let alone blast a bullet through it, because they stood as far away as 60 yards.

The mark was a board painted solid black. A piece of white paper,

an inch square, was held in the center by a carpet tack which was driven through the middle of the piece of paper. The tack was the bull's eye.

Were Good Marksmen

"I have seen marksmen drive the tack with a bullet many times," said Mr. Ferry. "In fact I once saw a man drive the tack with half a bullet."

"That may seem funny to you. But you see the guns were all muzzle loaders. The marksmen moulded their own bullets. This man, by the name of Ickes, from the vicinity of Claysburg, had used up all his lead except just enough to make a half a bullet.

"He turned to the crowd and said, 'Look, I have only half a bullet but I'm going to shoot it. Watch me.'

New Year's Day Event

"Well, sir, he hit the tack fair and square. The contest was held every New Year's day. The men practiced for it all year. They shot from a rest and free arm, also.

"The rest was a plank set up at a distance of sixty paces from the target. The men lay on the ground behind it and rested their guns on it. The free arm gunners were some paces closer.

"Marksmen came to shoot from all over Bedford, Fulton and Blair counties. It was one of the biggest sporting events in this part of the state. Albert Holderbaum, a cousin of mine, on the Crissman side of the house, was one of the champions.

"He was considered one of the best clay pigeon shots of Bedford county. He fell short of first championship honors, because one of the others was a shade better as a wing shot.

"The contest discontinued while I was a boy. It certainly kept up in-

150 (120) - P.O. 2702 - 12-26-74 Handwritten Book Mail

terest in hunting and straight shooting."

Changed Spelling of Name

Mr. Ferry explained the origin of the change in spelling of his surname from Furry to Ferry. His father, Lewis B. Furry and Lee B. Furry had the same initials. Since they both got their mail at the New Enterprise postoffice, there was so much confusion that oftentimes the only way they could tell their mail apart was to open it.

Lewis' eldest son Frank solved the problem by inducing his father to adopt the Ferry spelling of name.

The middle initial "S" in Edward S. Ferry's name also has a history. It stands for Streamer, in honor of Rev. Charles Streamer, former pastor of the Lutheran charge, including the churches of Martinsburg, Woodbury, Loysburg, East Sharpsburg and possibly Roaring Spring.

Remembers Rev. Dutt

Mr. Ferry's parents were great admirers of Rev. Streamer. While he has no recollection of the man of God for whom he was named, Mr. Ferry well remembers the succeeding pastor, Rev. Ephraim Dutt.

He has a clear mental picture of Rev. Dutt driving over the circuit in a two wheeled sulky. When it rained he protected himself with a rubber blanket and went on oblivious of the inclemency of the weather.

"Those old time preachers," remarked Mr. Ferry, "deserve great praise. They went through hardships and never complained. Nobody seemed to give them credit for what they endured."

Mr. Ferry is the son of Lewis B. and Mary Jane (Crissman) Ferry. He was born near New Enterprise, June 26, 1875. He says he has retired but his wife declares he keeps on working, his retirement being in name only.

Cannot Resist Lure of Soil

It is easy to understand that a man who has been awarded a gold medal for growing four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre and a master farmer medal, cannot in nature resist the lure of the soil.

Frank Ferry, the oldest of the family, and Odessa, wife of Jacob Kauffman, live in Roaring Spring. Ross, the youngest, is a resident of Boulder, Col. Persuaded by his wife's brother to go west, Ross conceived the unusual experiment of leasing abandoned gold mines and salvaging the precious metal from the refuse by application of modern methods of reclamation.

He is doing quite well at it. In appearance and manner he looks the typical westerner, level-eyed and enterprising. His wife, by the way, was Sarah Streamer, a daughter of Rev. Charles Streamer.

A sister Annie, first wife of Herman Clouse, and Albert, a brother, are dead.

"Well, this may be the last Christmas for a while that we will be in a position to celebrate with all the good things we are accustomed to, and in merry spirit," stated Mr. Ferry as he surveyed the elaborate scheme of holiday decorations he and his wife had arranged at the home.

"So, I thought, I'd put some time on decorating. Of course, I like to do it."

Anyone seeing the arch of autumn leaves, laurel, pine and spruce, strung with lights, outlining the door frame, and the festoons of greenery and colored lights along the eaves of the porch and the original effects in the window illumination, certainly would concede Mr. Ferry a pardonable pride in his artistic creation. While he was talking, the holiday atmosphere was accentuated by the enticing fragrance from Mrs. Furry's culinary preparations in the kitchen.

Hey Day of Lafayettesville

Relaxing, after the completion of his efforts, he took the By-Gone Days reporter on a fascinating jaunt into the past. Back to his father's time when Lafayettesville or Flitch was a boom town in the hey day of the charcoal iron manufacturing.

"You'd hardly believe it," continued Mr. Ferry, "but I used to hear father say there were two large general stores, one wagon maker shop, two blacksmith shops and a shoe-maker's shop in the town.

"Many gangs of men burnt charcoal on Dunnings mountain and the ridges to supply the furnaces at Bloomfield, Claysburg and Woodbury and to mine the ore. One of the iron mines was on Ross Bowser's farm. They made good money and spent it freely.

Profits Were Large

"Kauffman's store was about the size of Charley Brumbaugh's store at New Enterprise. Mr. Kauffman used to say his profits annually ran into big figures. Thousands of dollars. The other store was run by a Jew, Oppenheimer, by name. You can count on a Jew store keeper opening up any place money is plenty.

"It was interesting the way they burnt charcoal. They hauled the billets of wood on low sleds to the hearths. There they set the pieces of wood endwise in a circle, leaving an open space in the center.

"They set another layer on top of that and so on until it was the desired height. Then they coated the entire stack with clay to keep the heat in. The fire burnt in the center until the oxygen was consumed. The heat generated in the center charred the wood. You know wood does not have to be in contact with fire to charr.

Tar Burning Big Industry

Tar burning also was an important industry. I've seen Ross Bow-

ser burn tar. He filled an iron kettle with fairly small pieces of rich pine, tamping it down as tightly as he could.

"Then he turned the kettle upside down on a square of roofing or other metal of some kind, sealed it with clay to keep the air out, and built a fire around the kettle. You see he roastd the tar out of the pine.

"Community picnics used to be held in Sol Reighard's and Dave Ripley's groves. They were big affairs. The main attraction was the Osterburg band. It was always considered the best band around.

"The musicians traveled in their own band wagon drawn by four horses. It had a long box painted in bright stripes and with Osterburg Band lettered on the sides. The players sat strung out along the sides. The driver sat up front and the drummer at the rear end. The horses' heads were decorated with plumes. I'll tell you the band wagon made a fine sight. They played as they went.

Mother Helped Make Flag

"You know it used to be the custom to celebrate presidential elections by the victors raising a flag pole. In 1884, they raised a flag pole at Flitch without a flag. They had a flag alright. My mother helped to make it.

"The women folks pieced it together out of the best woolen materials. It is probably in existence yet. I saw it used on many occasions.

"Dan Ebersole made the flag pole out of three hickory trees spliced together. That gives you an idea how tall it was. They raised the pole. Then the fun was to get someone to climb it and put the flag at the top.

"One fellow after another, men and boys, tried to climb the pole but none of them could do it. You see Dan had smoothed the outside and nobody could shin it. I guess they

could have put a pulley on the pole before they raised it but that wasn't the intention. It was the climbing that provided the entertainment.

"We had three miles to go to the post office at New Enterprise. As a rule, we went after the mail every Saturday evening. In winter when the weather was bad sometimes we didn't get the mail for two weeks.

Postoffice Secured

"My father was one of the instigators for getting a postoffice at Flitch. The question about a name for the new post office caused a great deal of discussion. The men didn't want 'Flitch.' That was too homely.

"They couldn't use 'Lafayetteville' because there was another postoffice of that name in that state. The department at Washington encouraged short names.

"My father proposed 'Ferny' and that name was adopted. As long as Flitch had a postoffice, its official name was Ferny. It was named after Mrs. Ferny Ferry Lewis, of Waterville, Kansas. She came east to the Ferry reunion last year.

"Cal Walters was the mail carrier. He walked to Bakers Summit every day to meet the hack, then carried the mail sack back to Ferny. That was a round trip of eight miles. His pay was twenty-five cents a trip.

Wages Were Small

"In those days a man couldn't earn much more than fifty cents a day. Cal figured he was making pretty good money because he could walk the distance in three or four hours. He was a fast stepper.

"Father told me a man named Reininger bought the first buggy in the section around Flitch. It was a drop top buggy. It cost two hundred dollars. Father borrowed the buggy to go and get married. Mr. Reininger still had the buggy when I was grown up.

"Three brothers by the name of

Beegle were blacksmiths. Sam's shop was at Loysburg. John was a buggy maker. His shop was at Imlertown in Dutch Corner. He made me a buggy, piano box, drop top, with white hickory spokes stained in the natural color. It had nickel hand holds, dash rail and hub caps. I paid \$110 for it. I used it for years.

"Ed, maybe you'll tire the lady with your stories about Flitchville," called Mrs. Ferry from the kitchen.

Far from being bored, the reporter was sorry when a glance at the clock showed the bus was due and it was time to go.

"I suppose you remember how popular the picnics at Idlewild used to be," stated Mr. Ferry. "The railroad ran excursions and everybody, that thought he was somebody, went.

"When we lived on the farm near Flitch there was no swimming hole closer than Waterside or Potter Creek. That deprived the boys of a great pleasure.

"We always kept a tank for watering our stock. One hot summer evening a neighbor boy, about sixteen years old, came to our place. He was all elated because he was going to Idlewild the next morning.

"The tank gave him an idea. Instead of taking a bath at home, he said he'd jump into the tank. My youngest brother Albert, then twelve years of age, pumped the tank full of water from the well, then both the boys took a swim in the cold water.

"Albert was sweated and overheated from pumping. His blood became chilled. Soon he had a high fever. Well, he contracted a disease that decayed his bones. The local doctors did not know what ailed him. Pieces of bone worked out through the flesh of his arm. My parents took him to many different doctors.

Swim Proved Fatal

"His arm healed but one of his legs was affected to such an extent

that it was amputated in a hospital at Philadelphia at the hip. He suffered agony for two years before he died.

"The year Albert took sick, father contracted to build the Golden Eden school house. That was the official name, but it also was known as the Ferry school. It stood at the end of our lane. Before it was built, we had to go a distance of three and one-half miles to school at Fritchville.

"The creek back of the school house when it froze over smooth in the winter was a great temptation to the scholars. The teacher had made a rule that none of them would dare skate after school. Why, some of them could skate the whole way home, so they disobeyed.

"He gave a licking to everyone he caught at it. One morning, after school took up, he lined up nineteen in a row. I didn't see this myself but my sister, Mrs. Kauffman, was present. They didn't spare the rod in those days.

Parents Were Strict

"My parents were very strict. They forbid dancing, card playing and staying out late at night. They classed dancing and card playing as prime works of the devil. They wouldn't allow my sisters to go to spelling school any farther away than Golden Eden. Furthermore, they forbid them wearing their Sunday shoes to spelling.

Mrs. Kauffman told me the other day, she and Annie used to hide their Sunday shoes in the wood house and slip them on after they left the house.

"I'll never forget the first time I heard a violin. It is my favorite music. We youngsters had all gone to spelling. It was announced that a dance would be held in the store building at Fritchville after the spelling was over.

"My brothers and sisters and I went. I was just a little codger.

None of us danced but I thought the music of Harry and Elmer Walter's fiddles was the finest I'd ever heard.

"We didn't get home until 4 o'clock in the morning. Father met us at the door. He didn't whip us but we never forgot the talking to we got. After that, we had to face mother. She didn't say much but we never got over feeling ashamed of the hurt we had given her. In every generation, I guess, the young ones will have their fun.

United In Marriage

Mr. Ferry and Mary Biddle, daughter of John and Mary Biddle, of Loysburg, were married at the bride's home Feb. 1, 1899, by Rev. W. E. Stonebreaker.

At that time, there was no honorary classification of master farmer offered to outstanding agriculturalists, but such inducement was not necessary for this up-and-doing young couple when they started up farming.

Strong, healthy, each one gifted with good managerial ability and enduring physical stamina, they made farming pay by giving it all the energy they had. When these young folks took hold of anything it had to move or bust.

Their farm of 116 acres produced banner crops. With no good market at their door, they tended market every Saturday at the Green Avenue market house in Altoona for a period of 14 years.

It wasn't long till the Ferry brand of produce had insured the patronage of a large number of regular customers. Mr. and Mrs. Ferry frequently sold out well before noon.

Sold in Large Quantities

As a rule customers stocked up for the entire week. One man bought six or seven pounds of butter each week. The majority also bought a whole winter's supply of apples and potatoes in the fall.

Warm friendships developed be-

tween the Ferrys and their customers. Tending market became a sort of social event, almost as pleasant as a visit among friends.

Mr. Ferry had something of Thomas A. Edison in his make-up. While most of the other farmers were trying to rid the potatoe vines of bugs by bribing the children with nickels and dimes to catch the insects by hand and make them captive in tin cans, Mr. Ferry invented a mechanical sprayer.

The neighbors looked at the contrivance askance. They said, it wouldn't pay to spend the money for spray but when Mr. Ferry was awarded a gold medal for raising 400 bushels to the acre—the exact figure was 419 bushels—they changed their minds.

Kept Abreast of Times

Mr. Ferry kept abreast of the times. In fact, a little ahead of the vanguard by reading farm magazines, co-opering with the county farm agent and following new developments devised by the State college agronomists.

Says Mr. Ferry:

"I figure that men who devote their careers to studying and experimenting, can find out more things about farming than men of limited education are able to do. Some of their suggestions won't work, but I felt I wanted to try out those that looked like good business proposition."

With this idea in view, he was the first farmer in the New Enterprise section to endorse cattle testing for T. B. He also went in for sanitary regulations and the introduction of pure bred cows, sheep and hogs.

Rated Master Farmer

In recognition of his success and progressiveness, he was awarded the distinguished rating of master farmer.

He was the first citizen of the tri-county area including Blair, Bedford and Fulton counties, to receive the

highly prized medal of No. 1 agriculturalist. This award is also a character credential as the recipient must be of proved good citizenship, morality and community helpfulness.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferry sold their farm to Luther Amick on February 6, 1941, moving to their present handsome buff brick residence in Roaring Spring about six years prior to that time. They are negotiating the sale of this property in order to move to Martinsburg to the former Levi Rhodes estate dwelling, which they have remodeled preparatory to their occupancy.

Some Rare Antiques

Mr. Ferry has some rare antiques, including a skein of very fine, glossy flax, a number of pure linen three-bushel grain bags and a flax comb or hackle. The grain bags bear the name "Jackson Stuckey" in large letters.

Every thread is homespun linen, even to that used in the hem and seam and the looped cord or ear by which they are hung up. He bought them at Burger Ritchey's sale. They have withstood three generations of hard wear.

Mr. Ferry uses them as apple bags. They are the right length to sling over the shoulder. Incidentally he declared a three-bushel bag full of wheat is easier to lift than a two-bushel bag. The reporter suspected a joke until Mr. Ferry demonstrated.

On account of its height when it is stood on the ground, a man can grasp it by the middle and throw the top end over his shoulder, then straighten his body upright.

Of course, he has to have a sleight at it. It's not so much strength as skill that counts. When he was a boy, Mr. Ferry used to hear the oldsters say that Barbara Yoder Reininger could stand in a half bushel measure and lift a three-bushel bag of wheat off the floor.

Interested In Hunting

"To come back again to hunting," said Mr. Ferry, "I killed a bear some years ago in Lycoming county, but if you want to hear real hunting stories, you should listen to cousin Tommy Crissman tell about hunting jack rabbits, deer and ducks in Wyoming.

The ducks used to light by thousands in the corn fields as they flew south. The men turned out with their guns and shot all they wanted. One time Tommy was out after prairie wolves. He chased them on horseback so fast that one of them ran straight through the open door of a rancher's two-room shanty and hid under the bed.

Settled in West

"Three uncles and an aunt on my mother's side took Greeley's advice and went west. They were Lee, Will and Tommy Crissman and their sister Annie. She married Harry Kauffman, a half brother of Jacob Kauffman, of Roaring Spring. A number of father's nieces and nephews also went west.

"Uncle Henry Ferry's daughter Susie married and settled in North Dakota. The blizzards in the winter gave them enough of North Dakota. They had to hold on to a rope to find the way from the house to the barn. They pulled out and went to Wyoming. The Crissmans settled in Kansas and South Dakota."

Mr. Ferry and his jolly, sprightly wife look as if they had many years of useful activity ahead of them. It is the wish of their hosts of friends that happy destiny may be theirs.

They have six children: Carrie, wife of Frank Noble, Blairsville, Pa., Robert of Fairmont, W. Va., Ralph, from the vicinity of Woodbury, Ruth, wife of Paul Wareham, Martinsburg, Lewis, near New Enterprise, and John, of Wheeling, W. Va.

Following several interviews with Mr. Ferry, reminiscences gleaned

from the kaleidoscopic storehouse of his memory have been an unending source of delight to the By-gone Days reporter. He proved to be an encyclopedia of local history.

Crowded in the short period of 66 years are recollections of tragedies, some fantastic enough to fill the pages of a Sunday supplement thriller. Bizarre accidents, suicide, murder, all took place in the vicinity of the Ferry homestead farm, violently breaking into the normal peace and pastoral contentment of beautiful southern Cove.

Taking them in chronological order, we'll relate his first conscious recollection, as he wrote it himself:

First Recollection

"I was born June 26, 1875. My memory goes back to the funeral of my Grandpa Ferry, on June 15, 1879. I well remember the long line of old style vehicles—Rockaways—winding through the barnyard down to the road.

"I ran after them as I wanted to go along. But Aunt Annie caught me, brought me back and fastened the yard gates. I also remember the sale a few weeks later. The yard was full of people and furniture and a man stood on a box hollering and talking as fast as he could. I was then not quite four years old."

The next memory is of the longest day in Mr. Ferry's life. It was May, 31, 1889. The day before, he had helped his father drive a drove of beef cattle to Butcher Schmitt's slaughter house in Altoona. Dark, heavy clouds hung so low, it made you think that if you had a long enough pole, you could have punched a hole in them.

Helped Drive Cattle

It was a common experience for Edward to help his daddy drive cattle. The elder Mr. Ferry was a cattle dealer. Sometimes they took several droves in a string. There were two reasons why they did not

bunch the animals all together.

In the first place so many strange cattle were apt to fight. Secondly, there were seven toll gates between Loysburg and Altoona. A drove of twenty head or less could go through free. Toll was charged for a drove of more than twenty.

On the evening of May 30th it began to rain so hard that Mr. Ferry and his son stayed with Butcher Schmitt over night. The next morning it was still pouring. Mr. Ferry bought himself a rubber rain coat and started home in his topless, two wheel sulky.

He purchased a ticket and sent Edward on the train to Roaring Spring, instructing the lad to wait for him at Long's (later Carper's) store near the railroad station, so they could drive home together.

Railroad Tracks Flooded

Rain beat in torrents against the windows of the train. As they went along the reservoir, Edward saw the dam was filled and overflowing. The river had inundated the lowlands clear to McKee, carrying hay stacks, chicken coops, farm wagons, spring wagons, hogs, debris of all descriptions on its roaring current. Chickens fluttered on the floating coops, trying to get a more secure foothold.

Water was over the rails at McKee station. The water rose so swiftly that that was the last train run over the branch until the floods receded and the track was repaired, which required a matter of several days.

Edward waited all day in Long's store, but daddy did not come. The rain continued steadily. Night fell, Mr. Long persuaded the boy to stay all night at his home.

The next day Mr. Ferry arrived. He had driven his sulky on the railroad track from McKee on top of the culvert and on to Roaring Spring. He is probably the only man who has ever driven a horse-drawn vehicle

from McKee to Roaring Spring, traveling on the railroad.

Mr. Ferry had spent the night with his cousins, the Bakers, at Catfish. There were three of the Baker brothers living on farms in that area. They are all dead now.

Learned of Johnstown Flood

Father and son set out for home. Every bridge on the road was either damaged or washed away. At Snyder's hill they met Adam Same's, who told them about the Johnstown flood. That was the first knowledge the travelers had of that terrible disaster.

Soon they met Harry Aaron. He had hitched up his horse to a buggy and was making all haste to Johnstown to learn the fate of his wife and daughter, who had gone to the new stricken city to visit Rinehart Replogle's.

He had thrown a saddle and gum boots in the buggy in the event he would have to abandon the vehicle where bridges were down. He could continue the journey on horseback and afoot. At Johnstown he learned his wife and daughter had drowned.

Andy Biddle, of Altoona, sent Lewis Ferry word to buy up cattle in the Cove to send to the starving people of Johnstown. He bought up a whole car load in record time.

A Lonely Grave

Frequently during his boyhood, Edward Ferry stood by a lonely grave at the edge of the woods on the farm across the road from his parents' home. The grave was marked by two upright slabs of wood, one at the head, the other at the foot. It was the burial place of an itinerant worker, who worked for farmers now and then in that section.

He had mysteriously disappeared. His last employer, Mr. Bender, took it for granted he had pulled up stakes and gone somewhere else, since he customarily had taken leave

in that informal fashion.

The next summer, while mowing grass for hay, Mr. Bender noticed his dog was dragging something in the field. Going to examine what it was, he saw it was a human head.

It was the head of the lost man. He had hung himself to a white oak tree in the woods, using his handkerchief for a noose. His body was buried under the tree where it had fallen.

Met Violent Death

Among Mr. Ferry's friends and acquaintances, who met violent death were Billy Dick, who was sawed in two at a saw mill. Edward went with his brother Frank shortly thereafter to get a load of saw dust. The two boys looked intently among the adjacent trees and shrubbery for bits of the torn flesh, which they had been told had been splattered about, but they saw none.

Then there was the young man, Smith, who had been employed to help prospect for silver on the Luther Barley farm. Rocks, streaked with bright metal, were afterwards assayed and the bright substance proved to be lead.

Young Smith was in the habit of biting the dynamite fuse cap with his teeth to clamp it tight. His employer had warned him it was a risky business. The young man bit the last one.

Killed By Dynamite

The fuse ignited, setting off a box of dynamite nearby. His death, of course, was instantaneous. Mr. Ferry was shocking oats four miles away, but he felt the rock under him distinctly tremble from the shock of the explosion.

Jacob Latshaw, Jacob Bingham and John Barley were killed identically the same way, by falling trees or limbs while they were at work in the woods.

A son of Jacob Metzker was killed when a wagon upset, throwing the

horse the victim was riding. William by the hames of the harness of the horse the victim was riding. William Shoop, old Civil war veteran, was thrown off a wagon and died of a broken neck.

Neighbor Boy Murdered

The tragedy that brings a lump in his throat so that he can barely speak of it was the murder of a neighbor boy. Mr. Ferry loved the light-hearted, care-free youngster. He played with the Ferry children.

One evening when he had gone to get the cows from a lonely woodland clearing, the cows came home but the boy did not. Mr. Ferry joined the men of the neighborhood in organizing a searching party.

Adjacent woods were combed but failed to disclose a clue, other than that suspicion unjustly was thrown on a pair of lovers, who had chosen the sequestered nook for a necking party.

Many time the searchers had passed an old hand dug well covered with planks. The planks were in usual order, drifted over with falling autumn leaves. Eventually, one of the boys drew aside the planks and looked down into the well.

He saw a cap floating on the surface of the shallow water. The body was found at the bottom of the well, trampled down into the mud and silt. Marks of a strand of fence wire left around the victim's neck were mute witnesses of death by strangulation.

The crime had been committed for revenge on the unfortunate boy's family. Had it not been for a chance remark made some weeks before to Mrs. Ferry, the murderer might have escaped conviction.

Mr. Ferry reported the remark to the police, did some shrewd detective work and thus helped forge the links in the chain of evidence, which brought the murderer to justice and the expiation of his crime in the electric chair.

Cataloguing Mr. Ferry's wealth of recollections in accordance with the interest they hold in retrospect, he would refer to his visit to the World's fair at Chicago in 1893 as the most eventful eight days in his life.

He and Msr. Ferry were at the Century of Progress exposition at Chicago in 1933. Contrasting the two great events, he declared to his wife, the second fair in his estimation could not measure up to the Columbian exposition in beauty, variety or the outlay of expense.

In fact, he is inclined to think the 1893 fair took the bloom off all of the succeeding fairs. Of course, he makes allowance for the enthusiasm and unjaded appreciation of a country boy for the assembled wonders of the "Gay Nineties," an era which expressed the developing wealth and luxury of the United States in terms of gold, diamonds and showy clothes.

So much for the introduction. We'll let Mr. Ferry tell his experiences in his own words:

Left for World's Fair

"Bound for the World's fair in the Windy City.

"Saturday morning, Oct. 21, 1893, my sisters, Annie and Odessa, Herman Clouse, Jacob Kauffman, John Henderson and I boarded the train at Roaring Spring for Chicago.

"We met Mr. Sol Reighard, just stepping off the train on his return trip from the fair. He told us to put up at the Grand Crossing hotel, where we could get the best accommodations for a dollar a day. So we knew where to go when we got there.

"At Altoona, we boarded a train from New York. Sunday morning was foggy. We were delayed by a wreck and were flagged at every block. A block is about ten miles long.

"There was a bunch of young fellows from New York on the train, who were out for a good time. Every time the train stopped, they rushed

out to see what kind of monkey-shines they could stir up.

"I joined them for the fun. Well, somewhere near the border between Ohio and Indiana, two girls came walking along the track. The New Yorkers asked them all sorts of fool questions. The girls got mad and started to throw stones at us.

Car Was Stoned

"They could throw straight, too. They chased us back to the train. It was a good thing they did because the train was just starting. Just as we got on, a rock the size of a fist hit the rear car. Had it socked one of us it would have been too bad.

"We didn't know whether they were Buckeyes or Hoosiers, but they should have been with the Indians because of the way they heaved those stones.

"At one stop there was a large stone quarry where the stones, when they are first taken out of the ground are soft and pliable, so that they can be worked into any shape. After they are exposed to the air, they become hard like other rock.

"I had an experience at another stop that convinced me that high speed of an engine or automobile is a gamble with death. I was standing alongside of our train looking ahead at the rails which in the distance seemed to run together and merge into a single rail.

"Soon in the far distance a haze appeared which grew into a cloud of black smoke. A train was coming on the other track at great speed. I started to walk alongside the standing train intending to go into our coach.

Escaped Serious Accident

"The suction from the oncoming train threw me off my feet and under the coach. I grabbed hold of a truss rod and held on with all my might. Otherwise I would have been pulled under the other train.

"What a roar! That train was

splitting the air at 90 miles an hour. Dust, sand and grit blew over me like a storm. It only lasted a few seconds but that was plenty long enough for me.

"As the last car passed, by derby hat was pulled off. When I opened my eyes and got up, there was my hat flying after the train, together with about a cart load of shoe boxes and paper bags that people had used for carrying their lunch and had dropped out the car windows.

"The passengers had quite a scare because they thought I had been killed.

Some Models Were Gold

"I realize space will not permit me to tell much about the fair, but I'll mention a few of the exhibits that interested me the most.

"First, the machinery was all operating. Some of the models were of gold. The Oliver Chilled plow manufacturers had a model plow of solid gold. It must have been nearly a foot high. There was a Syracuse plow, full size, plated with gold.

"A buggy whip, woven of the finest silk in lock stitch, with gold banded stock. A diamond was set in a gold band right above the stock. It was valued at \$1,000.00.

"They had the largest and the smallest engines made up to that time. The big engine, 3,000 horse power, furnished the electricity for the fair. The miniature engine stood alongside the big one. It was about six inches high. It was throwing off steam, too.

"They had the highest Ferris wheel ever made. The axle was so large it was hauled on the railroad on a flat car that had 32 wheels. The car was made in the Altoona shops.

Ferris Wheel Stuck

The Ferris wheel contained 36 cars, with a capacity of 25 passengers each. Something went wrong with the machinery one day. The wheel couldn't be moved for twelve

hours. The passengers in the top cars were stranded in the air. It must have been much over one hundred feet above the fair grounds. One woman died from the strain.

"Glass dresses and glass neck ties were exhibited. That probably was the beginning of cellophane. Of course, they had Mrs. O'Leary's cow that kicked the lantern that burned Chicago. She was mounted.

"A hydraulic cider press squeezed out orange juice. We had a cider press at home, but one that pressed oranges surely was a novelty.

"In those days we never thought of going to Florida for the winter. The Florida state building attracted us very much. They exhibited native plants, trees, flowers, alligators and crocodiles. We never got tired watching the strange animals.

"The Pennsylvania building contained a huge monument of hard coal. It was carved and engraved with information about the state.

"Instead of having live people in the pageants, they had wax figures. They showed the landing of Columbus, Libbey prison, and things like that.

"A sham battle between a prairie wagon train and Indians looked so real that, we were told, some Indians that came to the fair gave a war whoop and tried to jump right in and fight. They also showed a section of the Old Portage railroad tracks.

Fountains Were Beautiful

"The most beautiful sight was the fountains. They must have covered half a city square. The fountains sprayed water in all directions. When the colored lights were turned on they showed the rainbow colors. The fountain here at Roaring Spring reminds me of the first Chicago World's fair."

Mr. Ferry has traveled extensively since the year 1893. He took two potato tours. One to Michigan. The

other to Aroostock county, Me., with a side trip to Prince Edward Island, Canada.

He and Mrs. Ferry also attended a fair at Havana, Cuba, which gave opportunity for extended sight seeing trips through Florida, Texas and New Mexico.

Every year in the spring or summer Lewis Ferry called his children together and asked them one after the other to press their right feet against the wall in the kitchen.

Breaking off shoots from the lilac bush in the yard, he carefully measured the length of each foot. This was his method of determining the size of the annual pair of shoes allotted to each of his offspring. It was understood that a pair of boots or shoes had to last a year.

Marking the assorted sticks, he drove to Shoemaker Beach at Maria, or Abe Rice at New Enterprise, and handed them over to guide the shoemaker in the selection of the proper last.

Likely as not the sturdy cow hide boots for the boys and calf skin for the girls' high-tops were made from animals slaughtered on the Ferry farm.

At any rate Mr. Ferry had the hides tanned of the calves and beeves he killed to supply the family larder. It surely would be a novelty these days to sport a pair of shoes made from favorite Spotty's or Jumbo's hide.

The hides were taken to Adam Haderman's tannery, which stood on the other side of the stream straight across from the Church of the Brethren.

Says Mr. Ferry:

Tanning Important Industry

"Tanning was an important industry in the southern section of the Cove when I was a little boy. There were good stands of rock oaks, the bark of which was used for tanning. Agents for corporations bought as

high as several hundred acres in a stretch.

"Then they put the wood cutters and the peelers to work. After the tree was felled, the peelers ringed it in lengths of about three feet. Using a spud, which was curved to fit the trunk, a good peeler could rip off the bark in less time than it takes to tell about it.

"Joe Markey, of Loysburg, was one of the best peelers in our section. The bark was slanted against the log to dry. Later it was stacked in large piles. Local tanners used fairly large quantities but the bulk of it was shipped to other parts of the state.

"The peeled logs were cut into railroad ties and mine props. Thus the entire length of those mighty oaks was turned into profit.

Large Tannery at Everett

"There was a very large tannery at Everett. It was by far the largest one I ever saw. I can remember the stacks of bark covered a couple of acres.

"At one time there was a tannery at Loysburg, but I was most familiar with Adam Haderman's tannery.

By way of explanation it might not be out of place to mention that Mr. Haderman, German born, tousled haired and bearded, was an important figure in the community. Although he never lost his heavy accent, he was well educated, doing all in his power to promote the educational facilities in his adopted country.

According to his biography in Waterman, Watkin & Co.'s history of Bedford and Somerset counties, he came to this country at the age of 27, practically penniless, with the avowed intention of writing a history of the United States. This project was not completed.

Mr. Ferry remembers him very well as a capable, industrious tanner. All the farmers in the neighborhood

took the hides from the winter's butchering to his tannery.

Process of Making Leather

The vats, as Mr. Ferry recalls, were about 15 feet square. The various steps incident to the process of making leather were done by hand. Following soaking to remove the hair, the hides were scraped, tanned, oiled and dyed or colored.

Scraping was done on massive oval tables, the workers using a drawing knife. The oil was massaged into the leather by hand.

Father Lewis Ferry as a rule saved the calf skins for lace leather. That is, it was cut into laces for shoes and to use in sewing harness.

Factory shoes and leather, on account of the relative cheapness of their price, put Mr. Haderman's tannery, as well as all the other local concerns out of business.

Up-and-down Saw Mills

Among other industries that have passed out of the ken of Morrisons Cove residents, that were making a last stand in Mr. Ferry's boyhood, were up-and-down saw mills.

Three of these slow motion saw mills were located along Potter Creek. Each one also housed under its roof kindred operations. For instance, there was a combination saw mill and chop mill at Ketrington.

Dan Replogle kept pretty close to the sawyer trade but the building, which stood below Andy Replogle's grist mill, shared quarters with a cabinet maker.

Perhaps the most curious among these small industrial plants that have passed into oblivion was the lone clover mill in the New Enterprise section. After the clover was run through the threshing machine, the tough pod still enclosed the seed.

By the process of rubbing the seed pods at the mill through two stones, similar to flour mill stones, the husk was loosened. To rid it of the husk it next had to be put through a wind

mill, an implement which used to be an essential adjunct to every farmer's barn floor.

Rye Grown for Straw

Rye in the old days was raised primarily for straw. It was a regular rainy day chore on the farm for the farmer and his sons to flail out the grain. The straw was saved to make bands to bind the sheaves of grain at harvest.

On Lewis Ferry's farm, it had a secondary use. It was used at the cider press to strain the cider from the "pommies."

Does anyone know what water vinegar is? Mr. Ferry says the recipe is as follows:

Throw "pommies" in a barrel. Fill with water and let it ferment. Then you have water vinegar. It may not be quite as good as cider vinegar, but it is cheaper.

In the light of our modern labor-saving household equipment, Edward S. Ferry marvels how it was possible for his mother to do the multitude of tasks that made up her daily routine before these inventions came into general use.

Apologizing for his deficiency in the art of writing, he sends in the following article, which in the judgment of the By-gone Days reporter, proves that he can wield a lead pencil as facile as the best of them.

"Besides raising a family of six mischievous kids, mother spun the wool into yarn, knit our stockings, mittens and scarves. She made shirts, pants, overalls, dresses and all the other garments we wore.

In addition she made the bedding, haps, quilts, pillows and ticks. Not the kind that crawls but chaff ticks, which bring to memory the old-time cord beds. It was my job to fill the ticks with straw.

Joke Proved Futile

"I filled the hired man's chaff tick so full that it was round as a sausage. He turned the joke. When he

went to bed that night he took a running jump, landing on top of the tick, then he tramped it down flat so he wouldn't roll off.

"There was no such thing as wall paper or painted walls. Mother white-washed the walls once a year. The floors were scrubbed with a hickory split broom and sand. It was up to me to pound the sand stones and keep the sand bucket full of the fine particles. With some weight on the broom the dirt went in a jiffy.

"Twice a day she had the milk of eight cows to strain into crocks for the cream to draw. The crock lids had to be scalded and scoured, too.

Special Work Each Day

Each day of the week had its special work. Saturday was scrub day, Monday was wash day, Tuesday ironing, Friday bake day. In between there was butter to churn, the garden to plant and weed, soap to boil and things like that.

"The wood house, bake oven and wash house were all under one roof on our farm. Except in harvest or threshing time, mother baked a week's supply of bread and pies at one baking.

"I presume every farm home had a doughtray. A small iron scraper was kept with it to scrape the doughtray clean. A housekeeper's thrift and cleanliness were judged by the condition of her doughtray.

"My mother used to tell us children a story about a young man who had three girl friends. One day he made a hurried call to each of their homes, saying he had a very sick horse and that the only cure was to give him scrapings from their doughtrays.

"He asked each one to scrape her doughtray and find out how much she could get. Number One got a thimbleful. Number Two got a cupful. Number Three got two cupfuls. I never inquired whether the horse died or got well, but he married girl

Number One.

Nothing Went To Waste

"Nothing went to waste on father's farm. Father butchered lots of hogs. He could sell cured meat more readily than on the hoof. Bacon skins and waste fat were used to make soap, both soft and hard. Lye was leached from wood ashes saved from the stoves. Hickory made the strongest lye. Surplus soap was sold to the woolen mill to wash wool.

"There were no glass jars. Fruit either was dried or canned in tin cans made by the local tinner. Mother dried a winter's supply of apples, peaches, cherries, pears and corn. She raised chickens and turkeys, too.

"Her sister Annie worked for her four or five years and we children helped from the time we were six. As we grew older, we relieved her increasingly but she went ahead with everything.

"Well, by this time the readers are well aware of my limited knowledge. I'll express it like Charley Kagarise told me many years ago. On a trip out west, a man said to him:

"'You know more than any Kagarise I ever saw. You know you don't know anything but the others don't.'

Walked Far To School

I walked a distance of a mile and one-half to school. The term was five months and the teacher's salary was \$20.00 a month.

When I was a little chap I used to recite a poem at literary society entitled, "When This Old Hat Was New." I carried an old high hat which made it more effective. It describes something of my feeling when I recall memories of 60 years ago:

When this old hat was new
A six mule team made plenty of steam
For the broadest kind of gauge.
The iron horse, his joints all turn on pins;

His road is iron too.
Too hoo, too hoo!
Get off the track,
You fellow, you,
Or I'll cut you right in two.
But things don't seem like they used
to

When this old hat was new.

Sentiments Change

Well, I was new then too. Since I
am growing older my sentiments are
more as follows:

When the snow is snowing

And the North wind blowing
And the mercury way below,
There's no place I like better
Than to sit in a rocking chair
Before an open fire
In the chimney fire place.

"It's a pleasure I cannot describe
to hear the crackling of the fire. The
explosion of red hot coals throwing
up myriad sparks like so many tiny
stars. The heat from a fire place,
it satisfies."

J. S. Haffley Relates Story of Ancestors

At 82, the will to work is as strong
in Jeremiah S. Haffly, of Hickory
Bottom, as it ever was, but his phys-
ical endurance plays out.

His day, when he ran his 100-acre
farm lone handed, began before the
stars faded out at dawn and ended
at dark. Now, he says, two hours a
day is his limit. At least, that was
the case until a fall on the ice the
other week injured his hip to the ex-
tent that he is confined to the house.

He feels well, looks like a man 20
years younger and his mental facul-
ties are at their prime. Somehow,
and it seems to puzzle him, he can't
get up steam as he used to.

He smiles at a remark Jake Nico-
demus made many years ago. Mr.
Nicodemus cautioned him to take
better care of himself.

"If you keep on working like you
do," said Mr. Nicodemus, "you'll be
old while you're young."

Mistaken Prophecy

Mr. Haffly's activity proves how
mistaken his friend's prophecy was.
Nevertheless, he made the hard de-
cision this winter to quit farming.
One compensation for undesired re-
tirement is, for the time being, he
does not expect to leave the farm,
the house of eleven rooms being suf-
ficiently large to accommodate the

tenant farmer.

He was born in the self same house
October 9, 1859, a son of Joseph and
Rebecca Simonton Haffly. It had
been his father's home and his fath-
er's father's before him. Grandfather
Samuel Haffly cleared it from virgin
forest considerably over 100 years
ago.

Grandfather Haffly had been born
and raised in Lancaster county. In
young manhood he moved to the Big
Valley in Mifflin county. There he
married an Irish girl by the name of
Rachael Hagerty. Selling off their
land on which today a large part of
Allensville is situate, Mr. and Mrs.
Haffly came to Morrisons Cove.

Purchase Farm

They first bought the present
Lloyd McGraw farm. A series of dis-
asters to their livestock convinced
them that bad luck dogged them at
this place. The climax came when
two cows strangled to death on one
chain. They decided to move.

From Jacob and George Buter-
baugh or Puterbaugh, they bought
626 acres and 135 perches, compris-
ing the Benjamin Blattenberger, the
Jerry Haffly and several farms ad-
joining southward. As shown on a
draft made January 2, 1830, the
land abutted on the "Great Road to

Woodbury."

According to the description given in the patent to George Buterbaugh, March 11, 1776, one tract of this land was known as "Turkey Hill." Another tract patented to Jacob Puterbaugh Nov. 24, 1795, was called "White Oak Valley." The house evidently stands on the erstwhile Turkey Hill.

Rachael Haffley, the small energetic dark-eyed Irish girl, was destined to live to the age of 93. Her husband died at 52. During her long widowhood, she was affectionately called "Granny" by descendants and friends alike.

Mother Had Romantic History

Granny used to tell the younger fry the romantic history of her mother. Mother was the daughter of an officer of high rank in Ireland by the name of Stewart. The ladies of the household had many servants to wait on them. No need for them to lay their lily white hands to any kind of work whatsoever.

Well, mother fell in love with a man below her station in life and married him against her father's will. The father cast her off, forbidding her ever to come into his sight.

Finding circumstances against them in Ireland, young Mr. Hagerty and his high born bride came to America. On the voyage, their baby, born in Ireland, died on shipboard and was buried at sea. As soon as they set foot on new world soil at New York, the young husband remarked very prosaically to his wife: "Ladies in America work."

Wife Learned to Work

Evidently she learned to work. At any rate her daughters, Polly and Rachael, were experts at anything their hands found to do. They had plenty of spunk, too.

Polly (Mrs. Andrew Sample) used to walk from Big Valley to visit Mrs. Haffley. She generally stayed two days and then walked back. It re-

quired Mr. and Mrs. Haffley two days to make the trip by horse and buggy. Jerry does not know how long it took Great Aunt Pol'y to walk it.

Mr. Haffley's mother was a Simonton. She was a granddaughter of Captain William Simonton of Water Street, whose son John was abducted by the Indians.

Every student of local history is familiar with the story of the Dean massacre, which occurred in the fall of 1780, at the head of Canoe Valley near Water Street. A monument has been erected in the Kellar Reformed cemetery in memory of the victims, Mrs. Matthew Dean and four of her children.

Indian Massacre

The Indians scalped and killed Mrs. Dean and the children after which they set fire to the cabin and burned the bodies of the mother and three of the children, leaving the remains of one of the little girls in the yard. A most drastic description of the gruesome scene is given in Jones' history of Juniata Valley.

John Simonton, then eight years old, had stayed at the Dean home over night. The Indians carried out their savage raid while Mr. Dean and the four older children were in a distant field. They made off with their little captive with such speed that the white settlers lost trace of them.

Indians Steal Son

Captain Simonton had ridden horseback to Minor's mill with a grist of grain. As historian Jones relates it, some of his neighbors met him on the homeward trip with news of the stealing of his son.

Throwing his sack of flour to the ground, he whipped up his horse in headlong pursuit of the fleeing Indians.

Mr. Jones graphically details Captain Simonton's sorrow and despair but he makes no mention of the mother's broken hearted feelings.

Mr. Haffly says Great-grandmother Simonton was so overcome that she could no longer abide to stay in the settlement. To recover peace of mind, she set out to visit her girlhood home in Delaware.

Making the long journey by horseback, she finally reached a river which she had to ford at flood tide. The waters were so dangerous that a party of men on the other side signalled the travelers not to try the crossing.

Misunderstanding, Mrs. Simonton and her companions thought the men were beckoning them to come on. The current was so strong, it seemed all would drown. One of the men told the lady:

"Shut your eyes and hold to the saddle with all your might. I'll get you across. I know how to do it."

He proved to be as good as his word because they got across safely.

Grandfather Samuel Haffly had been educated in the German language. A German Bible, bound in leather, with thick lids held together by strong hand wrought brass hasps, was his most cherished possession.

When he pulled up the family roots amidst the comparatively well settled Big Valley and set out for Morrisons Cove by covered wagon, the Bible was carefully packed away among the household and farm goods. It was so heavy it took a strong pair of arms to lift it. A child was not able to budge it.

Following the purchase of their extensive tract of wilderness land, the task of clearing off the great oaks and pines confronted Mr. Haffly and his deft, energetic wife. Logs, which today would be well nigh priceless, were rolled together in huge piles and burned, making bonfires that fairly lit the sky.

Unavoidable Destruction

They were aware of the potential value of this magnificent lumber. In after years Granny Rachel Haffly

often spoke about the unavoidable destruction. But what else could they do? There was no market for it and the land had to be cleared.

First they built a log house on the rise of land from which the present house commands such a pleasant view. In fact it stood in the same yard, adjacent to the present house. It was of substantial size for those times, but was dwarfed into insignificance by the log barn which was erected nearby.

The barn was the daddy of them all. By comparison it made the usual stable of the pioneers look like little David standing up to Goliath.

Construct Huge Barn

Henry Burget, master carpenter, built it as a "brag job." Its dimensions were heroic—112 feet long by 55 feet wide, containing two floors and three driveway entrances.

One reason why it was so huge was that it had to serve for the present Ben Blattenberger farm, also. But for a freak of nature, it probably would be standing as a monument to its builders to this day.

When Jerry was fourteen—let's see, he's eighty now—that would be sixty-eight years ago, lightning struck the barn and burned it to the ground.

Barn Destroyed by Fire

It was corn planting time in May. The men and boys were in the field. The first thunder shower of the season came up suddenly. One terrific clap of thunder and the barn was seen to flare into flame. In an hour's time it was reduced to ashes.

Jerry and the men folks rescued the horses left in the stable and some of the pigs. The grain and hay were consumed, as well as the family supply of cured hams and shoulders, which had been stored for the summer among the vats in the granary.

Sam Leidy, who lived on the Blattenberger farm was riding horseback along the road. He rode at headlong

speed but came too late to the scene to be of assistance. John Detwiler, who lived a few field-breadths away, saw the blaze break out on the roof. He ran with all his might, but he too came too late to stay the catastrophe.

With harvest only a few months away, Grandfather Haffly let the contract to rebuild. It had to be a hurry-up job. Apparently, the contractor took him at his word, because he constructed it with an inferior grade of sap yellow pine. Result: The wood worms gnawed it up in less than a generation.

Jerry Haffly had the present barn built. He saw to it that the best lumber to be had was used and that the plan conformed to modern ideas.

Marketed in Baltimore

As soon as the new grounds yielded crops of grain and clover seed, the local farmers looked to find a market where they could get hard money for their produce instead of trade goods. The city of Baltimore was to answer to their quest.

Every fall Grandfather Haffly hitched up six horses to his conestoga wagon, loaded with flour and grain, and started off for the far-off port on Chesapeake Bay.

Joined by the wagons of four or five neighbors, the caravan expected to be gone for six weeks. After they sold their cargoes for cash, they hauled pig iron to Pittsburgh. There they loaded up with store goods and came home by way of the turnpike which approximated the route of the Lincoln highway.

Each driver carried his own bedding and a trough for his horses' feed. Rude inns along the road provided cheap accommodations for man and beast. The horses were turned into the fenced-in stable yard.

The troughs were slung to the wagon tongues and the animals were given a measure of grain. Mean-while their masters threw their bedding on

the floor of the waiting room of the hostelry and slept with their feet stretched towards the fire place in which they kept great billets of wood a-blaze.

Made \$50 On Trip

If the wagoners had \$50 clear, they considered the long haul profitable. No wonder the rigors of those arduous trips sapped Mr. Haffly's strength, making him for an early grave.

This cumbersome method of transportation helped to keep the shelves of the local drygoods merchants supplied with goods.

Doctors were luxuries, few and far between. Their ministrations were required but seldom in the Haffly home. Granny Rachel did most of the doctoring. She had an herb garden in which she grew all manner of teas.

When the grandchildren complained of head ache, ear ache, tummy ache, whooping cough, croup or measles, she knew which leaves to steep or what ingredients to concoct into a poultice.

Unknowingly, she worked a tobacco cure on Jerry's brother Lan. They were mere lads at the time. Walking along the Hickory Bottom road one day, they met a neighbor who offered each a chew of tobacco.

Determined to Chew Tobacco

Nauseated by the unpleasant taste, Jerry spit his chew out after only a few exploratory rolls with his tongue. Lan, a few years his elder, with visions of the manliness which would accrue to him when he had achieved the ability to spit expertly, chewed on.

Well, he got sicker and sicker. Finally, as he reached home, he dropped in his chair, unable to bear to look at the food on the table.

"This child," exclaimed Granny, "is coming down with typhoid fever."

She packed him off to bed and dosed him all afternoon with camo-

mile tea. As any old timer can tell you, camomile tea is so bitter as a cure it's as bad as the disease.

Mr. Haffly says his best medicine is onions. He eats them regularly.

Jerry Haffly's most treasured boyhood recollections are associated with the Hickory Bottom Reformed church. People took whole-souled delight in going to church and worshipping together in those days.

They went, not from a sense of duty, but for the satisfaction of spiritual need. The church was crowded to capacity at nearly every service.

No chance of Rev. DeWalt Fouse preaching to empty benches. Mr. Haffly declares a revival of the steadfast faith of our fathers is what the world needs most today.

Worshippers came from as far distant as Loysburg and East Sharpsburg. Yes, much farther away than that. Mr. Haffly remembers a long line of conveyances used to accompany Rev. Fouse to communion, driving across Tussey mountain, all the way from Marklesburg.

Since his father was a Presbyterian, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Haffly regularly rode horseback to attend services at the old Presbyterian-Reformed church in Martinsburg, which stood contiguous to the site of St. John's Reformed church on Julian street.

'Accomplished Horsewoman

Mrs. Haffly was an accomplished horsewoman. Nor did she choose a slow, safe, jogging nag. The faster the horse could trot, the better she liked it. Hanging the market basket on her arm, she used to canter in to Woodbury to trade at Abe Longenecker's or Keagy's store.

The Haffly children walked to church. Sunday afternoons throughout the summer, the farm boys and girls left their homes by lanes and by-ways that converged on to the main highway, until as they neared the church, a crowd of close to 100

strolled along, all toggged out in their Sunday best and enjoying one another's companionship.

Uncle Dave Haffly, Sam Walk or Mart Wolf, whichever happened to be superintendent, presided over a well-organized Sunday school, advanced beyond its rural contemporaries. In fact, it was quite modern. It boasted of an efficient corps of teachers, a library and good music.

Congregation Purchased Bell

Eventually the congregation decided to buy a bell. This was a new departure. Hitherto only the well-to-do town churches had bells in this section. After the bell arrived, the church fathers realized they had a problem on their hands. How to get the heavy instrument into the steeple without mechanical equipment was going to tax their ingenuity to the limit.

The bell raising was a community event. On the appointed day, a crowd of men gathered at the church. With the help of ropes and skids, they finally got it in place. Joseph Haffly said afterwards it was the hardest job he ever helped to perform.

Of course, everyone waited eagerly to hear it ring for the first time. It wasn't long until the sweet tones of the bell calling the worshippers to the house of God became a commonplace. In addition to announcing the services, the bell was tolled for the dead.

When anyone died in the community, the sexton in measured rhythm tapped out the age of the deceased. Farmers stopped their teams in the fields. Housewives paused in their endless tasks to count and conjecture the identity of the person whose spirit had taken its flight.

School Was Important

Next to the Bible and the church, attendance at school ranked in importance in the Haffly family. Of the six that grew up, four became school teachers, who achieved suc-

cess not only as instructors but as builders of character. The teachers were Samuel Landis (Lan), Lydia Ann (Annie), both deceased, Sarah Margaret (Dolly), of Martinsburg, and Joseph Homer, of Altoona.

The other members of the family were Clara (Mrs. George Greaser), William Howard, who died at seven. He took sick in the evening and died the next morning of a disease having all the symptoms of spotted fever.

Jeremiah was next. Following him were Rachel Jane (Jennie), the survivor of a pair of twins. The other twin, a boy, died shortly after birth. Jerry, Dolly and Homer are the only ones remaining.

Was Conscientious Student

Although Jerry had no aspirations to teach, he was a conscientious student, liking school and getting along well with his teachers. It is a pleasure, at 82, to have a former teacher still living.

George Z. Replogle, of Woodbury, taught the Hickory Bottom school while Jerry was enrolled among the pupils. On the rare occasions they meet, they take great mutual enjoyment in sharing school day recollections.

The schoolhouse still standing, which was abandoned at the time of the consolidation of the South Woodbury-Woodbury districts, is the third building.

Mr. Haffly went to the original old red frame building, which stood on the present location of the Homer Shriver residence. A brick building, erected on the site of the building still standing, was the successor to the old red school house.

Among the teachers, who wielded the birch and pointer in Jerry's school days, were Jake Beard, Dave Longenecker, Frank Woodcock, Sam Walk, who married Betsy Fouse, and who raised Annie Wike, Miss Pennypacker, a new-comer to the community,

who boarded at Breidenthal's, Andy Baker and Henry Moore, of Bakers Summit, who boarded at the Joseph Haffly home.

Of course, Jerry was on the town ball team. The Hickory Bottom stalwarts handled the gum ball with near professional skill. They were willing to challenge any other school that cared to cross bats with them. Jerry was star catcher.

Wheat Was Main Crop

"I wore homespun pants when I was a boy," stated Mr. Haffly, "but we raised only small patches of flax. I remember helping to break the stalks and thrashing out the seed. Our main crop on the farm until recent years has been wheat. It was nothing unusual for father to raise a thousand bushels a year.

"The year I built the barn, that was in 1922, I sold seven hundred bushels of wheat at \$1.00 a bushel. During the other world war I got \$3.00 per bushel. I built the new barn out of wheat. Now, the farmers have turned to dairying and wheat is a back number. It might be a different story if the price of wheat would go up again.

"During my active years, the reason I could run the farm myself was that I didn't keep many cows. My wife and the children did the milking and drove the cows to pasture. That relieved me so that I could work in the fields from before sun-up until dark."

What Mr. Haffly did not tell used to furnish a subject for neighborhood conversation among the other farmers. It was that while Jerry was doing his sixteen hour stretch he took better care of his horses than of himself. He changed his team when they became tired, but he kept on going.

United In Marriage.

Mr. Haffly was united in marriage with Miss Lydia Jane Diehl, daughter of Daniel Diehl and Elizabeth

Zook Diehl, his wife. The ceremony, performed by Rev. George W. Brumbaugh, took place at the bride's home, October 6, 1886.

The young couple took up house-keeping on the Jacob Nicodemus farm north of Henrietta now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Beach. Remaining there two years, they then moved to the former Solomon Layman farm near Curryville, now owned by Mrs. Esther Wineland, where they lived two years. From there they went to the present Leslie Honsaker farm along Cove Lane, then owned by Jacob Carper.

After a sojourn there of three years, they, in Mr. Haffly's words, "came back home." With the exception of the seven years he worked as a tenant farmer, he has spent his entire life on the old Haffly homestead. It would be a hard thing for the neighbors to adjust themselves to the thought that the Haffly family had moved elsewhere.

Mrs. Haffly Called By Death.

Mrs. Haffly died a few years ago. The surviving children are Prudence Lenore, wife of William Weber of Martinsburg, Clyde Palmer and Martha Rebecca, at home. The eldest two children died. Daniel Landis, the first born, lived to thirteen months of age. The second child died shortly after birth.

Blessed with health, strength and mental alertness, seldom accruing to old age, Mr. Haffly brings to the twilight of life the peace and contented spirit of those who have hewed to the line of Christian rectitude.

Never having any desire to be anywhere else than by the home fireside, one of his greatest pleasures

is to hear his daughter Martha read aloud.

Enjoys Daughter's Reading.

"I never wore spectacles much," said Mr. Haffly in explanation, "I can read fairly well without glasses but my eyes soon tire. I need new lenses, I suppose, because these glasses are not much help. Besides I like to listen to Martha's voice. It is clear and she pronounces the words well."

That is a compliment I am sure Martha appreciates. After a hard day's work an evening of reading, shared by her father, is a pleasant relaxation. On account of having had three serious attacks of pneumonia Clyde is not as robust as formerly. Therefore he does not feel equal to running the farm himself.

In view of the fact that the Simontons are direct descendants of Captain William Simonton, it is interesting to note that there is a large representation of this honored clan in the Cove.

We therefore include in this sketch the names of Mr. Haffly's mother's brothers and sisters. They were: Mrs. Catherine Latshaw, wife of Isaac Latsaw, late of Curryville; Mrs. Jane (Jennie) Fouse, wife of Adam Fouse; Mrs. Mary Ann Haffly, wife of David Haffly; Mrs. Martha Hoover, wife of Jacob Hoover, who resided at Grafton, Huntingdon county; Taylor Simonton, former business man of Huntingdon, and Jackson Simonton, late of South Altoona, who became well known in his day by reason of the invention of a device used to open the hopper of railway box cars.

Tells of Melodramatic Finale of Fort Piper

U. J. Jones, E. O. Rupp and other early local historians devote fairly adequate space to chronicles of Fort Piper on the Yellow creek. But it remains for Luther W. Steele, of South Market street, Martinsburg, to give us the melodramatic story of its finale.

Built by Colonel John Piper, lieutenant-colonel of Bedford county during the Revolutionary war, the fort stood near the fork of the roads which branch off to Cypher and Everett. It played an important part in the defense of our frontier against the Indians.

Report Indian Raids

The turbulent colonel seized quill in hand and on whatever writing paper was available he sent letters, presumably by pony express, to the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, reporting Indian raids on isolated families on the Yellow creek, the massacres of Captain Philip's scout along Tussey mountain, opposite Fredericksburg, and of the Frankstown scout not far from what is now Eldorado.

Impatient of the red tape which had to be unwound before the militia were allocated to the protection of the outlying settlements, Colonel Piper impetuously undertook to organize companies of soldiers on his own hook, thereby getting himself into plenty of hot water with the governmental powers at Philadelphia.

Original Fort Built of Logs

The original fort was built of logs. In 1777 Colonel Piper built a substantial two-story stone house, which served the double purpose of his place of residence and fort as well. It was called Fort Piper until its destruction a half century ago.

It all happened on account of a

love affair. A certain young man in the community courted a very attractive young lady for 16 years. Something came between them. What it was was left to gossip to thresh out, since the principals volunteered no information.

The first thing the friends of the couple knew, Samuel Piper, the owner of Fort Piper at that time, was beaueing the young lady around. Right off the reel, he invited her to accompany him to camp meeting at Crystal Spring.

Crystal Spring camp meeting was the ultimate social drawing card to the young folks of that day. It was the height of every girl's ambition to be invited to a horse and buggy trip to Crystal Spring. It was positive evidence the boy friend's intentions were serious.

Fort Piper no longer was being used as a residence. The Pipers had built a large frame house nearby, which they occupied as their home. The old stone fort was utilized as a storage place.

Fort Piper Burned

Dire threats had come to the ears of the young couple, to which they however paid little, if any, heed. While they were at Crystal Spring, Fort Piper was burned, the fire evidently being of incendiary origin.

The sturdy old building resisted the flames, but the fire burned the roof and gutted the interior, leaving the ruined stone walls, which remained standing for years. Some of the stones probably mark the site to this day.

Herd of Steer Poisoned

As if the fire were not vengeance enough, a fine herd of steers owned by Mr. Piper was poisoned in the field. Mr. Steele recalls that Mr. Piper had contracted with William

Alexander, hotel proprietor, of Martinsburg, for the sale of the cattle.

No one ever was legally charged with these crimes. No one knew positively by whom they were committed. The perpetrator may have used the cloak of the romance to point suspicion at parties entirely innocent.

There was much speculation as to how the steers could have been poisoned while in open pasture. The surmise is that the poison was inserted in holes bored in apples, which were fed to the animals.

Luther Whitehill Steele was born on the Steele homestead farm at Yellow Creek, January 31, 1868, the son of Isaac and Rebecca (Davis) Steele. According to an account in Waterman, Watkins and company's history of Bedford, Somerset and Fulton counties, his grandfather, Jacob Steele, settled on the farm in 1828.

Town Named for Grandfather

It is for Mr. Jacob Steele that Steeltown was named. His nearest neighbors at that time were Isaac Bullman, John Ewing, John and Jacob Fluke, Capt. Buck, Daniel Stutzman, Samuel Livingstone and a Newcomer family.

Jacob Steele was a cooper by trade. He made large quantities of flour barrels which were used to transport flour in arks on river boats to market.

Luther's mother died when he was a couple of weeks past one year of age and his brother Edward was less than two weeks old. The other children, all boys, are James Davis Steele, retired lumber dealer of Punxatawney, and Theodore Steele of Yellow Creek. Edward Steele, retired railroad shopman, is a resident of Antis township.

Like Luther, Edward's middle name is Whitehill. Both brothers were namesakes of two Whitehill boys, sons of the family who lived

only a field breadth away and who were close friends of the Steele's.

Receives Bible As Gift

Says Mr. Steele, "Lizzie Rollins kept house for us until father married again. She practically raised me and my four brothers. I'll never forget the time she brought me a Bible for a present. We lived in the big brick house in the hollow a mile south of Curryville, then one of Jim Mock's farms.

"Lizzie gave me the Bible and said, 'Luther, I want you to read it. It will do you good. There are only six places for birth records but that's enough.' It was enough, too, because we have only five children.

"They are Earl Steele of Henrietta, Cora, wife of David Reighard of Martinsburg, Isaac Steele of Martinsburg, and our babies, Lester and Chester, twins. Lester lives at Henrietta and Chester lives on the former DeWalt Russell farm in Taylor township."

Mr. Steele's stepmother was Maggie (Margaret) McDowell. She was the mother of his three half-brothers and three half-sisters. The girls all are dead. They were: Mary Elizabeth, wife of William Hummel, coal mine supervisor, Broad Top City; Iva May, wife of James Eichelberger, and Della Niles, wife of Samuel Wyles.

The half-brothers are Harry C. Steele of Waterside, Rufus McDowell Steele, retired railroader of Indian Harbor, Chicago, and Ambrose Steele of Eldorado, employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad company shops.

Luther Steele knows horses. He harks back to the days when swapping was the great American gamble.

A man had to have a special gift at sizing up a horse to meet the old-time drovers on their own ground. As likely as not, the signs indicated by the teeth, coat, joints, gait and shape were without a flaw, except that the new owner would find out

the animal was a dummy.

The average horseman knew all about heaves, wind suckers, wind-broken, string haltered beasts, but the dummies were something else again.

Mr. Steele chuckles about the time he got saddled with a fine looking dummy. He got rid of him just as easily, the buyer taking him on sight without any questions being asked. Among the died-in-the-wool swappers the art of misleading without actually lying was a chief stock in trade.

Black Beauty Stolen

One of the most exciting incidents on the Steele farm at Yellow Creek during Luther's youth was the theft of his father's beautiful Canadian black buggy horse. The horse was a racker, never breaking into any other gait. The pride of Daddy Steele and his boys, they thought nearly as highly of the little black as of each other.

One morning the horse was missing from his stall. Soon the men in the neighborhood joined in the search. It developed the thief after stealing the horse and buggy had loaded up with Sam Piper's clip of wool. The latter had sheared his sheep the day before, getting the record-breaking fleece of 200 pounds from 20 sheep.

With the intention of shipping the wool to market, the thief drove his cargo to Mt. Dallas, only to discover it was not a shipping point for freight.

As Mr. Steele explained, Mt. Dallas was the terminal for both the Broad Top and Pennsylvania railroads. Rumor had it the Pennsy held a controlling interest in the Broad Top. Whether that was true or not, neither railroad would accept freight at Mt. Dallas, the nearest station being at Everett.

Well, by this time the trail was getting too hot for Mr. Thief. He abandoned the horse and vehicle and

tried to dispose of the loot as best he could. A Mr. Diehl, running across the horse feeding along side the road in the vicinity of Bald Hill, stabled it in anticipation of the arrival of the owner.

The conveyance also was found, but where was the harness? Walking through his wheat field with the view of determining whether it was ripe enough to reap, George Koontz found the harness and collar securely hidden in the tall grain. Later the bridle was picked up in the Lutheran church at Bald Hill, which evidently had been the hide-out of the thief.

Stolen Wool Is Found

To complete the widely scattered dispersion of the spoils, the wool was found near the cross roads. Having been lucky enough to get his possession back, Mr. Steele let the matter drop. Thus the thief never was apprehended.

The little Canadian had only one weakness. He was afraid of bears. Yes sir, he refused to pass old Bruin. Naturally the first thought to come to mind is that there is little likelihood of the horse meeting a bear. Most any hunter will tell you they are a scarce article.

Mr. Steele referred to trained bears. It used to be the custom for itinerants of the gypsy type to walk over the country roads leading a performing bear on a leash. Garnering coins thrown into his hat wherever a crowd gathered, the trainer would put the animal through his tricks.

Worked in Ore Mines

Although Mr. Steele has followed farming nearly all his life, he has lively recollections of a few years' interlude during which he worked in the ore mines across Coot Hill at Riddlesburg. Not many outsiders are aware that the shaft sunk to the deep level under the second "hench" is 270 feet deep.

Deep in the bowels of the earth, crystal clear water constantly seeped

through the ceiling dripping down on the men. Finishing their 10 hours trick, they came out of the mines wet to the skin.

The Riddlesburg Iron company provided a change house. Here the men changed from their wet working clothes into dry ones. Following the change of his clothing, Mr. Steele faced a walk of three miles home. He had no thought of union hours or soft snaps at big pay.

Kicking Mule at Mine

Some of the monotony of mining was relieved by the antics of a little kicking mule. Jim Ross drove the mule. On the whole he got along pretty harmoniously, except for robust language, which didn't even make the beast flick a long drawn out ear.

Catching him was as good as a circus. Two or three of the miners always volunteered to help harness him. First he had to be caught. The men maneuvered to grab his mule-ship by the head. Otherwise he would kick them quick as lightning.

The other mules were quiet and tractable but this particular animal was one of the fastest and most accurate kicking machines ever invented.

Mr Steele well remembers the dinky road that transported the ore. It was suspended high above the railroad tracks and the river to Riddlesburg. The sputtering little engine pulled from 17 to 20 cars in each train.

Best Grade Limestone Quarried

The iron ore was imbedded in strata of limestone, which was used as flux. Only the very best grade of either blue or gray limestone was quarried for this purpose.

Asked whether he foresaw a revival of iron mining in this section, Mr. Steele said it might be possible that machinery eventually will be improved to the point that the dif-

ficulties of obtaining Tussey mountain ore can be overcome.

In its natural state the iron veins are not easily accessible. Mining it is furthermore complicated because the seams are very thin. Nevertheless, there are abundant deposits.

Since the war is scattering our iron resources to the four winds of heaven, Uncle Sam may have to turn once again to the subterranean treasure of our guardian hills. It was shot at the Johnnie Rebs. It may be equally effective against the Japs.

Tale of Two Orphans

The biography of Mr. and Mrs. Steele is a tale of two orphans. Mrs. Steele was Miss Mary Brumbaugh, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Hetrick Brumbaugh.

For the first time in her life, she had no colored Easter eggs the year she was nine. Always before, Mother had boiled eggs in onion skins. They came out dyed a deep brown, certainly much more exciting than any humdrum hen laid if left to her own devices.

The night before Easter, Father was critically ill of pleurisy. He died the next day. Besides Mary, he left four sons, Jerry H. of Roaring Spring, Andy and Aaron, both deceased, and Edward of Roaring Spring, children of the second wife.

Was Married Twice

Mr. Brumbaugh had been married twice. The maiden name of the first wife was Hoover, thus both sets of children had the middle initial "H." The children of the first wife were John H. Brumbaugh, William H., Levi H., David H. C. Brumbaugh, Hannah, wife of John Stoudnour, Susie, wife of Isaac Kensinger and Katie (Catherine), wife of Adam Baker. A round dozen, whose names compose a roll call among the Cove's finest.

After her father's death, Mary was "put out" for her keep, going first into the home of Davy Burget

near Millerstown. Mr. Burget was a good-natured soul, well qualified to make the pathway of the orphan a little easier.

His daughter Katy, Mrs. Rhodes, was company for the little girl. Mr. Burget wore a wig. One day he took it off to shave. The child's astonishment as his bald pate passed all bounds. Hair that came off was a new wonder of the world.

Went to Apple Snitzing

She'll never forget the evening she and Katy went to an apple snitzing at Jacob Burget's at Page Station, now the residence of Charles Bush and family. Katy went home early, taking Mary with her. They hadn't gone far until Mary turned and went back to the scene of the merrymaking. She thought what was the use of cutting apples if you went home before the fun began.

As she grew older, she worked for various folks, including John Stoudnours, Ephraim Kensingers, Albert Stayers and John Winelands, who lived in the hollow a mile and a half south of Curryville. In after years, Mr. and Mrs. Steele lived at the same place for six years.

Besides board and keep, Mary was allowed to go to school and in addition some of her foster parents paid her as much as 50 cents a week. At the places where they shipped milk, she was called out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Much Work to Be Done

There was a good stint of work in the evenings and Saturdays, too. On one occasion the woman for whom she worked sent for her to come home from school to do the ironing.

She is severely crippled on account of rheumatism. Nevertheless her fine featured face retains much of her youthful prettiness. She'll tell

you hard work never hurt anyone.

Mr. and Mrs. Steele were married October 14, 1888, by Justice of the Peace John B. Fluke. Very solemnly Mr. Fluke set a chair in front of the young couple and rested his hand on it while he read the service.

This procedure amused the bride. She almost laughed aloud as the thought flashed through her mind: "He must think we're going to faint." The chair, however, merely was used as stage setting.

The young couple had met while the bride worked at Dave Clapper's. Mr. Clapper was Reverend Joseph Clapper's uncle. They had no honeymoon, other than supper that evening at John T. Steele's.

Mrs. Steele's first trip of any distance was to Hershey to attend annual meeting perhaps 25 years ago. She said it seemed like such a celebration to get that far from home that she decided to call it her honeymoon tour.

Resided at Steeltown

Shortly after their marriage they took up housekeeping at Steeltown. Mr. Steele continued working at the mines and doing day's work until they took up farming. They lived on the Dave Clapper farm for twelve years, the Blackburn farm for six years and the same length of time on the farm south of Curryville.

The world has moved far and fast since Mr. and Mrs. Steele began their married life. Some of the old timers, if they could come back, would think they had been transported to a different planet.

Despite speed and change, they would recognize the loyalty and understanding Mr. and Mrs. Steele have in each other as the essence of happy living.

Important Cove Men of The 1870's

Remember the Tea Pot Dome scandal?

Uncle Sam got up on his hind legs and let out a holler that was heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf, and beyond.

D. Irvin Kensinger, retired Pennsylvania Railroad company store house attendant, of 219 Cherry avenue, Altoona, followed the Dome hearings with keen personal interest.

John Everhart, star witness and son-in-law of Senator McFalls, had been a former schoolmate of Mr. Kensinger. They went to school at Curryville back in the rip-snorting 'Seventies.

Irvin Kensinger was one of the big boys while John Everhart was just a kid, nevertheless they sat under the instruction of Teacher Dan Wolf and sat by as unwilling spectators when the much tried school master whaled the tar out of the big boys, on account of fighting.

Known as Fighting School

It was known as a fighting school. The Leidys, Dillings, Currys, all of whom had reached young manhood, were ready at the crack of a whip to knock down or get bowled over at any or all times.

John Everhart was a son of Marshall Everhart, new station master at Curry. The family were the first tenants of the "big house" north of the station now owned by Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Keith.

Neighbors used to tell how he broke his fist at his first attempt to milk a cow. The hired girl having gone away, he tried to milk. The cow kicked. In retaliation he hit her so hard he broke his fist.

Marshall was a son of Colonel John Everhart, a big time business man of Martinsburg. He had married one of the Thatcher girls. Her

brothers, having located in Colorado, struck it rich.

Thatcher Was Chief Justice

One of the Thatchers became chief justice of the state supreme court. In honor of the high place achieved by members of the family in the social, industrial and political life of that Rocky mountain section, a park near Denver bears the name of Thatcher park.

Marshall Everhart spent some time in Colorado, but eventually returned to Martinsburg, leaving his family to the enjoyment of their good fortune. In later life old Mr. Thatcher suffered impairment of his memory. A small, dapper man, he always looked the part of a well dressed gentleman.

Unbeknown to him, the family had hired a man by the name of Smith to shadow the old gentleman in order to bring him home when he wandered away. Following a meal at his own home, Mr. Thatcher counted out some silver and laid the money on the table, under the belief he was at a hotel or restaurant.

Irvin Kensinger, an orphan boy, had been taken to raise by Mr. and Mrs. Levi Shriver, a childless couple. They lived on the present Levi Soltenberger farm, formerly the Finn Breidenthal place, successively owned by Levi's father, Samuel G. Shriver, by Levi himself, by his brother, David M. Shriver and by the latter's son, Samuel B. Shriver.

While Finn Breidenthal owned it, he rented a few fields to Coon Dilling to farm on the share. Coon, busy at home, sent his son, nine-year-old George, with the team to do the spring plowing.

Irvin heard a great deal about the railroad that was being built. Old Levi told him about it during the long weeks the boy was recuperating

from an attack of typhoid fever. As soon as he was able he went to Martinsburg junction to see for himself what the new wrinkle was like.

No Machinery Used

He saw slews of Irish laborets working with picks and shovels. There was no machinery. All they had besides their tools were mules and wagons. The entire Morrisons Cove branch was graded, piked and finished completely by hand labor.

Down at the corner of the Shriver farm where the Woodbury-Martinsburg highway crossed the railroad tracks there was a flag station called Latshaw station in honor of Isaac Latshaw, who owned the present Dewey Kauffman farm. There was nothing there except a board walk to keep boarding or alighting passengers out of the mud.

In the fall of 1875, Irvin saw a gang of workmen appear in the southeast corner of his foster fathers corn field, after Mr. Shriver and the boy had husked the crop. They dug holes among the cut-off stalks, sunk heavy timbers for foundation supports and proceeded to build the railway station and warehouse.

Soon the Hon. J. W. Curry appeared on the scene. High silk hat, flowing sideburns, frock coat and gold headed cane giving outward intimation of his status as coal operator, member of the body which drafted our present state constitution, railroad official and ladies' man.

Talked Out of Interest

Mr. Kensinger well remembers the time Mr. Curry talked Levi Shriver out of interest on a loan of \$250. Disdaining to walk the breadth of the small field between the "big house" and the Shriver home, Mr. Curry rode the few rods horseback. Approaching Mr. Shriver, he held out his hand filled with gold pieces.

Counting the gold, Mr. Shriver protested there was no interest, only enough to repay the principal. Grave-

ly pointing to Irvin, Mr. Curry declared:

"This boy is witness to the fact that the agreement was that I should pay no interest."

Irvin hadn't been a witness to anything of the kind, nevertheless Mr. Curry turned his mount and trotted off, leaving old Levi much chagrined.

Station Named for J. W. Curry

Curry station was named in honor of J. W. Curry. He and Cal Smith, son of a Dr. Smith of Woodbury, joined forces. Following a venture at his father's farm at the "Y Switches," now owned by Oliver C. Ritchey, Mr. Smith went into partnership with J. W. Curry to operate the station at Curry.

Curry was a busy place, since it was the natural railway outlet for the vast quantities of freight hauled in from northern Bedford county. Money flowed freely into the station manager's till. The big house was built by Mr. Curry, but he soon sought new pastures and greener fields.

Solomon S. Horton, of Huntingdon county, followed Marshall Everhart as ticket agent and manager. Mr. Horton's wife was a Keith, from Keith's Gap, Hickory Bottom. He was succeeded by William A. Nicodemus, who successfully carried on the business for many years.

First House at Curryville

The big house was the first house at Curryville other than a farm house. The railroad cut off a corner, large enough for a building lot, from the Isaac Burget land, catter-cornered from the station. He built a house on it in 1874, which was occupied by Jake Burget, who later moved to Everett. The house was long owned by Mrs. William Curry of Juniata, daughter of Isaac Burget.

Isaac Burget lived in the present Mrs. Mary Smith property. The Burget row, consisting of the Square Deal garage, residences of Will and

Ira Burget, and the David Burget estate homestead and store, are on the former Isaac Burget tract.

Samuel Shriver, Levi's father, lived on the present Frank Brumbaugh farm, a couple of miles, as the crow flies, east or Curry. Although he had a fat horse eating its head off in his stable, Mr. Shriver walked everywhere he went.

Walked Long Distances

He walked to Martinsburg every day for many years. Irvin followed the well beaten path through the woods long after the old gentleman had passed to his reward. Being on the board of poor directors, he walked back and forth to Hollidaysburg to attend the monthly board meetings.

Prior to the creation of Blair county he walked to Bedford to transact legal business. He used to tell of an experience he had one night on a trip home from Bedford after a session of court at which he had served on the jury.

Following adjournment late in the day, it began to snow. As if the snow wasn't trouble enough, somewhere along the way, a dog attacked him. He lunged out with a kick that killed the dog. His longest journey afoot was a trip to York to visit his mother.

The old Curryville school house, which was merely distinguished by a number, prior to advent of the Hon. J. W. Curry, the village godfather had some very interesting features.

At least Master D. I. Kensinger thought so. In the first place you could see out to the road without looking through windows. Of course, that wasn't much of an asset when winter winds blew a gale.

Otherwise it was great fun to train your eyes on the cracks to see what was going on in the world outside at such times as the pedagogical frown was directed elsewhere.

New School House Built

About the time Curry station got its name, the directors built the new school house. This is the building which for the last 20 years or so has been doing duty as Dewey Kauffman's wagon shed. Finished just in time for the opening of the term, the walls were so soft, the boys pressed their finger prints into the plaster.

The pupils got the new school house without burning down the old one. It was different at Stonerooks Hill. It was rumored one of the boys had set fire to the old ramshackle building that had outlived its purpose there.

At any rate School Director Daniel Diehl hurried to the scene of the fire the night it was ignited. One of the school boys watching the flames with rapt attention turned to Mr. Diehl with the remark:

"It burns good."

From the perspective of more than half a century, Mr. Kensinger delights to tell of the boys and girls and the happenings that tried the souls of some of the hapless teachers in those far-off days.

Pupils Are Scattered

The pale reaper has claimed the large majority. Some wandered to the distant parts of the earth. A few made their mark in high places. One or two barely outwitted the hangman's noose. Most lived their allotted span as reputable citizens, filling the places left vacant by their parents, with honor to the family name.

Henry Dilling, Coon's son, went to the African gold fields, eventually securing responsible employment in the Kimberly diamond mines. Mr. Kensinger says he first became interested in mining during his boyhood when his father put him to hauling ore for the Ore Hill iron works.

Al McConnell, now a retired railroader, of Altoona, was a prime favorite of Irvin Kensinger's. Maybe

one reason was that the lad very nonchalantly admitted his foster father beat him up occasionally with a fence rail.

Larry Matthews, the foster father, was a good hearted man, but bringing up a large family of his own, together with a foster child or two, was enough to exasperate the best man alive once in a while.

Came From Ireland

Larry, his brother Neddy, and their father, James Matthews, came to the Cove fresh from the green sod of Ould Ireland. Enroute, some native sons told the raw immigrants about the ferocious painters (wild cats) which infested Tussey mountain.

While the three, each carrying a bag containing his personal belongings, were trudging across the mountain, they heard a screech owl. Neddy started to run in fright. After he joined the other two, Larry asked:

"An' what did you do with your bag, Neddy?"

"I throwed it at the painter," replied Neddy.

The Matthews burned charcoal for the Dr. Peter Shoenberger furnaces. They saved their money and took their places among the best people of the community. Larry became the owner of the fine, large farm east of Curryville, now the property of John Gahagan.

Had Private Railway Station

Larry offered the Pennsylvania Railroad company a free right of way through his farm. In return, Foreman John Lemon, of Hollidaysburg, called the flag station near the farm buildings, Matthews Summit. Thus the erstwhile poor Irish boy had what he always looked upon as a private railway station.

One of the most laughable among Mr. Kensinger's school day recollections was pulled off by William E. Curry, retired railroader of Juniata. William was the son of Robert Curry. The family lived on the present Rev.

L. B. Hoover farm, formerly the Crist Brown farm.

William and his brother Harry did not get along too well with School Master Dan Wolf. They were almost grown up at the time. Harry and the teacher fell out one day. The upshot was that Mr. Wolf threw the boy out.

He threw him so hard that he flew clear over the porch. Without saying a word, Will got up and calmly handed his brother's books out of the window.

At Christmas that same year, the big boys barred the teacher out. Mr. Wolf got the ax and made motions to cut through the window. As he did so, Harry stuck a red hot poker almost in the teacher's face. Mr. Wolf gave up and went home, his house being Crist Brown's old pebble-dash dwelling, which used to stand adjacent to the school yard.

One year Irvin's "A" geography was wrecked. The teacher, Cal Replogle, used it to whack the pupils wherever it was handiest. Irvin was one of the few who had big geographies.

Was Champion Speller

Elizabeth Shoeman was one of the champion spellers in the community. In those days it was considered sissified to call the girls by their proper given names. They were Liz, Moll, Barb or Betts, as the case might be.

Shortly after her wedding to William Ake, the bridal couple attended the spelling at the Curry school. Irvin Burget was one of the leaders. He wished to choose the bride. Turning to Irvin Kensinger, he whispered:

"What'll I call Liz Shoeman?"

"I don't know," answered the puzzled would be informant.

Since neither knew the formalities of the occasion, Mr. Burget called out:

"Liz Ake."

Young David Irvin Kensinger, studious by nature, nursed an ambition to be a school teacher.

Where a country lad could pursue a course of study in the higher branches was a problem. Then word came to the Cove that a new college had been founded in Huntingdon. It was to be called Juniata college.

David Irvin packed his carpet bag in the spring of 1886, boarded the train at Curry and headed for Huntingdon by way of Altoona and Tyrone.

The new educational institution got off to a good start under the capable direction of an earnest faculty, consisting of J. H. Brumbaugh, one of the founders, J. H. Swigart, Professors Saylor and Green and Miss Peight. They were an outstanding body of teachers, as many subsequent students will warmly testify.

Several Students from Cove

Among that first class of hopeful prospective teachers was a sparse sprinkling of boys from different sections of the Cove. Included were one of the Stayer boys and a Mentzer, of Woodbury, and two young men from Clover Creek, named Bechtel and Rhodes. Mr. Kensinger has forgotten their given names.

Having borrowed the money to defray the expenses incident to the spring term, David Irvin applied himself pretty seriously. In fact none of the students was disposed to indulge in much foolishness.

It was the era when "life was real and earnest," and money was scarce. The students made an honest effort to show their dads a worth while return for their money. About the only recreation the boys had was swimming and fishing in the canal.

Professor Saylor, dormitory preceptor, slept in a corner room overlooking the hall, from which vantage point he could keep a professorial eye on what was going on. After a time, the boys concluded the vigilant instructor never slept.

Prank Did Not Work

In order to raise a little commotion, the prankster of the group, a little chap from Mount Union, put a large, very cold eel in Professor Saylor's bed one evening. Great suspense among the students! And from the professor's room—nothing.

No sir, not a solitary thing happened. Never could the puzzled boys make out what became of the eel. It apparently vanished and was not.

By the time the spring term had ended, funds were low. Instead of returning home the long way around, David Irvin took the Broad Top train to Cove Station and walked across Tussey mountain to Levi Shriver's, who by this time lived on the present Frank Brumbaugh farm.

Taught Ten Terms

Mr. Kensinger taught ten terms of school, all in North Woodbury township, viz.: three at Curryville, three at Law's and four at Millerstown.

His good nature, coupled with a natural understanding of juvenile make-up, won the affection and co-operation of the pupils, which relegated the birch to desuetude and elevated his name high among the list of favorite teachers held dear to his students.

Mr. Kensinger is convinced snows were deeper in the old time winters. He recalls a day at Law's school house. Following a heroic struggle to wade the drifts, he took up school with but one pupils present.

He was Elmer C. Ake, who lived scarcely more than a stone's throw from the school house, and who was quite filled with pride to be the only one to answer the roll call.

At noon Crist Mock and John Wineland got through with sleds on which they brought the youngsters of their families, anxious to keep up their good attendance record.

Entered P. R. R. Service

January of 1898, Mr. Kensinger entered into the service of the Penn-

sylvania Railroad company as a laborer in the Altoona shops. He retired October 1, 1936, as a store attendant and lumber inspector. In the latter capacity, he made trips to Florida, Georgia and other southern states.

Observant and of an analytical turn of mind, he picked up a fund of interesting facts and anecdotes, which add to his ability as a delightful conversationalist.

Attend Centennial

Although he is a seasoned traveler these many years, the novelty of his first trip to Philadelphia still has a hold-over which lends zest to his recollections of it. He and Isaac Shriver attended the constitutional centennial in 1887.

Mr. Shriver was a fancy dresser.

Tailor David Klepser had trigged him out in glossy broad cloth coat and trousers and brocaded vest. This sartorial ensemble, completed by cheese cutter hat, heavy gold watch chain and gold headed cane, made him look like a dude but it must be confessed the big town gave him some countrified qualms.

At any rate, the visitors from the country, found lodging at Vine and Eleventh streets and a free grand stand seat in a saloon on Market street from which they watched the big parades, staged on three successive days.

The military parade had an almost endless line of the men in blue, survivors of the Civil war, the mighty rhythm of the marching columns broken by the shuffle of the many wounded.

The main feature of the industrial parade to stick in Mr. Kensinger's memory was a tree from Clearfield county transported on wheels. It was almost a block long.

Governor Robert E. Pattison, tall, handsome, was a most distinguished figure on a prancing horse, which he rode like a centaur.

Martinsburg Progresses

Along about this time Martinsburg was becoming progressive. For instance, Al Anderson, who kept store at the "Yellow Corner," on the southeast side of the diamond where the Atlantic and Pacific store now is, started a new wrinkle.

He began to advertise. Mr. Kensinger says he was the first merchant in town to adopt the new-fangled idea of passing hand bills from door to door.

Eventually the town became too small for him. He branched out into Altoona and Gallitzin. The summer of 1885, Mr. Kensinger got out of touch with Martinsburg happenings. He was working at Royer. An old neighbor, visiting him, brought him news of an exciting new enterprise.

"What's new?" asked David Irvin.

Herald Is Originated

"A newspaper started up in town," was the reply. "It's called The Martinsburg Herald. Yes sir, we've got our own paper now."

Back in the days when Pete Clapper captained the chivarees for newlyweds, the noise they made almost woke the dead. At one of these serenadings the celebrators indulged in a hymn sing before they let loose the horrific din.

It was this same bridegroom who in later years applied to Squire Sam Lysinger for some law. He explained he had been commissioned to bring a keg of beer from Altoona to help along a serenading. Some miscreants stole the keg from off his porch and made a get-away.

Of course, they left the empty keg, together with a dollar bill to pay for the purloined beverage. A dollar was all a keg of beer cost in those days, but he wanted the law on the fellows anyway.

"Well, who are they, Mr. Kauffman?" asked Lawyer Lysinger.

"That's just what I want to know," was the answer.

Wife Still Youthful

Mr. Kensinger's soft-spoken, hospitable wife was the former Miss Elizabeth Zook of Saxton. Father time has been foiled in his attempt to destroy her youthful looks.

She probably bears some resemblance to her Aunt Sallie Zook. Many years ago two suitors for Sallie's hand fought each other on their way home from singing school. One of them was killed by a knife thrust inflicted by the victor in self-

defense.

Old friends pull the latchstring of the Kensinger front door frequently to enjoy the warm welcome awaiting them. Vincent (Mike) Hickey, a neighbor, 84, makes regular calls. He loves to tell about the early history of Altoona, which he has at tongue's end since 1857, when it became a borough. The reminiscences of these old cronies would make a volume and every page would be rife with interest.

Present Methods of Travel Predicted

Attorney William B. Hicks of Tyrone, dean of the Blair County Bar association, with sixty years of law practice behind him, brims with a degree of vitality which puts many a younger man in the shade.

Samuel Calvin Henry, well known farmer of the Woodbury district, recollecting school days when Mr. Hicks held forth as teacher at the Roller school, near Yellow Springs, says the schoolmaster was loaded with energy.

In fact, Arthur Roller, one of the big boys, might have described it as dynamite.

We'll let Mr. Henry tell it.

Was Good Teacher

"Mr. Hicks was a very good teacher. He wasn't a big man. There were boys on the back seats larger than he was, but he had no trouble with them. I remember of his using the rod but once.

"He had one rule: It was, 'No rough talk on the playground.' One day at intermission Arthur Roller swore. After school took up, Mr. Hicks gave him his choice of leaving school or taking a licking. Arthur didn't want to have the disgrace of being expelled, so he took the licking. Well, the way Mr. Hicks laid on the punishment was enough for the

whole school.

"Tom Hare, who was judge of Blair county, was one of my school mates at the Roller school. Our farm lay about a mile and a half west of Yellow Springs. Your president judge, George Patterson, owns it now.

"I hear he calls it 'Bear Wallows.' I don't believe his cottage is at the Bear Wallows spring though. When I was a boy I was to that spring a number of times. It is well up on the slope of the mountain. I never heard of anyone seeing bear there but the old-timers said they used to come there to drink.

Was Business Center

"Yellow Springs was quite a business place when I was a boy. Enoch Isenberg was the big man there. Besides the big store house where the Isenberg family lived, there was a tenant house, store, hotel, shoemaker shop, blacksmith and wagon maker shop and post office.

"My mother was German. She had learned English but it came easier for her to write German. One time I went to the postoffice to get the mail. Mother was expecting a letter from Mrs. Emil Thieme, wife of the proprietor of the Schmidt House in Altoona.

"The postmaster said there wasn't any mail. I said there ought to be a letter.

"Wait a bit," said the postmaster. "There's a letter here addressed in German. It's been here for some time. Nobody can read it. Maybe your mother can make it out."

"Well, I took the letter home and sure enough it was mother's. The folks in Altoona, I guess, forgot to write the address in English."

Marriage Made in Heaven

The present writer used to hear her grandmother repeat an old German folklore saying. It seemed to bear out the belief that matrimonial matches are made in heaven. At any rate it declared that a pair destined to marry would get together even though the ocean separated them.

That was the case with Mr. Henry's parents. His mother, Catherine Houck was born in Germany. After her father's death, which occurred while Catherine was a mere girl, she lived with her widowed mother and an aunt, her mother's sister.

A family in the neighborhood, intimate friends of the Houck ladies, emigrated to America, eventually settling into the comfortable berth of owners of the Schmidt House in Altoona. Mr. Henry believes it was in response to correspondence between his mother and her friends in America, that she decided to follow them.

Started for America

Although not yet eighteen years of age, she bade farewell to her mother aunt and girlhood companions and took passage in a sailing ship for the United States. After a voyage of thirteen weeks, she landed at Castle Garden, New York, now the Battery.

Somehow she reached Tyrone. From there she went to Bell's Mills, now Bellwood, where she procured employment through the influence of her friend, Mrs. Thieme. Her em-

ployer was Martin Bell, furnace operator at Sabbath Rest or Bellwood. She never saw her mother again. ..

Within a few years, she met and married William Henry. From this point we shall let Mr. Samuel Henry resume the story.

Born at Yellow Springs

"I was born at Yellow Springs on Jan. 19, 1864. I can't tell you much about the history of the Henrys, except what father's brother, my Uncle Jake, told me. He died at the Old Folks Home at Martinsburg, a few years back, at the age of 95. I've also written down names and dates from tomb stones in the Water Street and Yellow Springs Lutheran cemeteries, but those papers have been mislaid.

"Mother died when I was nineteen. Father was a great woodsman, more interested in hunting than family records, and my grandfather, John Henry, also a hunter, died when I was eight. He was bed-ridden his last few years, therefore was not much disposed to tell of the past.

Ancestor Born in York Co.

"Uncle Jake said my great grandfather, Jacob Henry, was born in Strassbury township, York county. One child, Katy (Mrs. Folkestone) was born there in 1799. Grandfather was born at Water Street in 1801. Some time between those dates the family came to Huntingdon county.

Elizabeth, Susan and Evie, who married Valentine Sorricks and lived on the homestead farm for many years, were born at Water Street.

Stone House Still Standing

"Four families traveled together from York county in covered wagons. Two of them went back. My great grandfather built the big stone house near Water Street. It is still standing. The timbers in it are so large and solid that the house must have been intended for a fort, too.

"Some years ago, I talked with the man who lived there. He said his

father had bought it sixty years before and that it had looked just the same then. It must have been built between 135 and 140 years ago."

The stone house which Mr. Henry describes situated at Shafferville in the vicinity of Water Street, is owned and occupied at the present time by Alvin Young.

Bought Large Tract

John Henry, Mr. Henry's grandfather, bought a section of land reported to contain 500 acres, which included the Bear Wallows tract. The farm house was located one mile northwest of Yellow Springs.

It was here Mr. Henry spent his boyhood. Amid this pleasant rural environment, he typified Whittier's Barefoot Boy, pursuing the countless activities of a healthy youngster, mixing work with play, fishing, swimming and following at his father's heels while the latter roamed the woods proving his reputation as the best wing shot in those parts.

The canal and the store at Yellow Springs were recreational resorts in Samuel Henry's boyhood, high-lighting some of the most interesting incidents of his youthful career.

In those days the country store was a sort of club room for the men in the community. The women probably dubbed it by the less euphonious name of loafers' roost.

Wherever these groups gathered there was always a dominant character, who held the seat of honor as chief humorist and story teller. At the Yellow Springs store Washington Reed was the leader.

Well educated, he had the polished manners of the gentleman of the old school. Gifted with an easy flow of language, his comments frequently were greeted with guffaws of laughter, the listeners failing to appreciate the

soundness of many of his pronouncements.

Mr. Henry remembers, Mr. Reed used to say:

Made True Predictions

"I'll not live to see it. Perhaps not even our children or grandchildren may see it come to pass, but there'll come a time that some kind of self-powered vehicle will course the roads, much faster than horses. Yes sir, these vehicles will stop by our very doors."

That statement was always good for a tall laugh. The fellows would wink at one another and say:

"I guess Wash has been tipping again."

Yet many of his hearers lived to see not only the invention of the automobile but airplanes as well, which Mr. Reed had visioned but never actually seen.

Religious Arguments

On one occasion a heated argument broke out about whether the congregation should kneel during prayer at church. A revivalist at the Lutheran church up on the hill near Yellow Springs had asked the worshipers to kneel. Accustomed to stand, some stood as usual, following the minister's request, thereby creating confusion.

Said Mr. Reed:

"Gentlemen, you should show the preacher the courtesy of doing as he asks. There should be unison. As for me, if he should ask me to kneel with my face on the floor and my knees on the seat, I would do it."

Mr. Henry's grandfather, John Henry, donated the ground for the church, as well as all the rough lumber. He died before building operations were begun but the matter lay so close to his heart that his widow carried out his intentions to the letter.

Canal Was Appealing

The canal appealed principally to the lad, Samuel Henry, because of the fishing and the fact that his uncle, Frank Rose, drove mules along the tow path. The packets, or passenger boats, were propelled by steam. Mr. Henry said the cabin reminded him of the small sized Blue and White bus that used to pass his door. The shape and size conformed closely to the boats.

These passenger boats chugged along at a fair speed, the side wheel churning the water at a great rate. The mules pulled the "flats" or freight boats. Uncle Frank Rose did not always have an easy time of it. There was more to his job than just driving.

Sometimes a storm came up with such force that it blew the boat about, throwing the mules into the canal. It was quite a task for Uncle Frank to get them untangled from the harness so they could scramble back up the bank.

Mr. Henry's aunt, Aunt Suze Dublin, lived at Franklin Forge two miles west of Williamsburg at the breast of the dam, which backed up a three mile stretch of water. Although looking calm and peaceful on top, that level surface hid treacherous holes and cross currents.

Boy Was Drowned

Aunt Suze's little boy one day put on his mother's sunbonnet and ran out to get an arm full of wood. He fell into the lock and was drowned. Mr. Henry's brother Madison nearly drowned in the dam. While in swimming one Sunday afternoon, he was sucked under by a cross current.

A companion, sensing his plight, rescued him. His chums had no knowledge of artificial respiration but in the rough school of exper-

ience they knew what to do. They turned him upside down and ran the water out of him, after which breathing was restored naturally.

As a boy Mr. Henry was amazed at the working of the locks. If the boat came in on water of a higher level, the lock tender opened the gates and let the water run out until the boat settled down to the level of the lower water.

Conversely, if the boat was floating upstream, the boat lay in the lock until it was filled, the incoming water lifting up the boat to the higher level.

Successful Fisherman

My, what big eels Samuel fished out of the canal. Catfish, carp and suckers, too. No trouble getting ready, either. All he did was to cut himself a maple rod, tie a string to it, bait the hook and wait for a bite. It was nothing for him to bring home a string of six or eight good-sized fish.

He and his brothers used to joke about father when they went fishing. If father didn't get a bite, the first minute or so, he cast the rod aside and went off into the woods. He generally had his gun along.

Woe betide any hapless bird or squirrel that came into his range of vision. He shot off its head clean as a whistle. He would have been ashamed to have hit small game any place other than a straight bull's eye on the head.

Maybe Mr. Henry would refuse to admit it, but the By-Gone Days reporter got the impression that he regards butter bread as a recipe for longevity.

When he was a boy he attended a Sunday school picnic at the Lutheran church at Yellow Springs. The picnic was one of the principal social events of the summer. The men set up tables in the

church yard and the women brought huge baskets of good things to eat.

Billy Hare, venerable, kindly gentleman, uncle of Judge Thomas Hare, was master of ceremonies. He told the children they should eat a few bites of butter bread before starting in on the main meal. He always did and look at him.

Well, young Samuel looked on the well preserved old gentleman and was so impressed that he has followed his example ever since. And he too has lived to a ripe and vigorous old age.

Cousin Owns Home Farm

William Henry, a cousin, owns the old farm at Yellow Springs. Each year the Henry kith and kin gathers in force for a family reunion amid the scenes which are hallowed by the lives of the generations which have gone before.

Greetings, good food and good feeling which creates the "ties that bind" those of the same interests and the same blood, make this event one of pleasant anticipation and equally pleasant realization.

All too soon young Samuel Henry found Father Time had to be reckoned with. The canal closed, carefree boyhood gave way to the responsibilities of earning a livelihood.

Mother Called by Death

"Mother died when I was nineteen," he said. "My sister Mary and I stayed home with Pap. The winter after mother passed away I was out of a job. My brother Madison sent word for me to come to Woodbury. He was working in Mike Fox' blacksmith shop at the time.

"I came to Woodbury March 22, 1883. I hired to Lee Stonerook as a farm hand. That fall my brother Mad and I opened a blacksmith shop at Woodbury. I work-

ed with him for five years. Then I had to give it up on account of the sulphur fumes affecting my lungs."

As we see by the foregoing, Mr. Henry adopted Woodbury as his future residence on account of a job. In due time fate stepped in and sealed the decision. He met Miss Fannie Koontz, daughter of David and Mattie Guyer Koontz. They were married March 1, 1888.

Driving to Martinsburg, enroute where they expected to have the words said by Rev. George Brumbaugh, close friend of the bride's family, they learned the minister was not at home. All the other Fredericksburg preachers were away also.

Married by Rev. Dutt

Thereupon they arranged to be married by Rev. Ephraim Dutt, pastor of the Lutheran church. The certificate, embellished with bright hued flowers, bearing the pictures of the bride and groom and the officiating minister, is somewhat of an antique.

It harmonizes very well with the other furnishings of the old fashioned parlor in the Henry farm house, since many objects are present which delight the eye of those interested in relics of the past.

The autumn following their wedding Mr. and Mrs. Henry started up housekeeping in Woodbury where they remained two and one-half years. After that they moved to various locations, remaining on the Freddy Carper place one year, moving to the Adam Frederick farm. Then across the line into Blair county, moving to the John Stayer farm, after which they bought the Dave Johnson farm.

Present Home Purchased

Selling that, they bought the Charles Diehl farm. After a residence there of twelve years, they

acquired their present homestead, along the former Woodbury pike, now the state highway, almost directly across the road from the Church of the Brethren meeting house.

With the help of his son, Roy Truster, Mr. Henry cultivates his farm and attends to the multitudinous outside details incident to the business of farming, his activity showing little sign of slowing up.

Although Mrs. Henry has trouble getting about on account of rheumatism, she is by no means idle. A rug frame setting conveniently near engages her leisure. She does the "pull through" rugs on canvas, skillfully blending colors in many different patterns. These beautiful hand made rugs have the added virtue of withstanding many years of hard usage.

Assisted by Granddaughter

She is very ably assisted in the

general house work by Dessa Henry, a granddaughter. Dessa is a daughter of David William Henry, the second of Mr. and Mrs. Henry's three children. He died in 1931. The surviving children are Maggie Catherine, wife of Harvey Replogle, of Roaring Spring, and Roy Truster, at home.

There are five grandchildren, three boys and two girls. Mr. Replogle raised two orphan children also, Elsie Forester and Kenneth Amick.

Mr. Henry occasionally hunts rabbits, but with the family tradition of good marksmanship behind him, he doesn't regard rabbits as game animals.

Modest farmer folks, who practice the principles of Christian living seven days a week, the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Henry is a by-word among their friends and is expansive enough to radiate a welcome to the stranger within their gate.

Keith's Inherit Natural Love For The Soil

Reviewing incidents that stand out in memory during her early years, Mrs. Harriet Keith Lang, of Martinsburg, will tell you she has no recollection of any of her grandparents on either side of her family.

It seems to be a happy circumstance of nature that the children of each succeeding generation gain some of their choicest pleasures from association with their grandparents. A visit to grandpa and grandma, who listen to childish prattle with such indulgent tolerance and understanding, the gifts and patient answers to numberless questions put up by developing juvenile minds, make the

pathway much smoother for the wanderers setting out on life's pilgrimage.

The parents of her mother, Mrs. Mary Russell Keith, died while Mrs. Lang was a mere infant. Her grandparents on her father, Tom Keith's side, moved to Illinois long before she was born.

Tom went with them but the thought of the "girl left behind him" and the lure of the mountains and "hills of home" drew him back.

Keith Men Loved the Soil

There were a whole raft of Keith boys, most of whom felt the same way. They were great lovers of the soil. Knowing good

land and being efficient farmers, they soon worked themselves into valuable farms.

In fact, Tom completed the last payment on his fourth farm just before his death. This was the then Sol. Layman farm, near Curryville, now owned by Mrs. Lang and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Brumbaugh and their children.

The big farm at the Cross Roads, east of Curryville, owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Ben Blattenberger and her husband, the former Dave Mock farm in the Piney Creek section and the homestead farm across Tussey mountain, two miles west of Coffey Run, now Entriken, were the others.

Tom's brothers, Adam, Isaac and George owned farms in Trough Creek valley. Peter, James and John lived in the vicinity of Entriken and Marklesburg.

The four children of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Keith, William, George, Mary and Harriet, were born on the farm across the mountain. Mrs. Lang owned it formerly but sold it some years ago. It was a pleasant place to live, made additionally so by the fine spring of water, situate on the hillside above the house, from which water was piped into the cellar of the house.

Farm Had Unique Water System

It was a pretty primitive water system but it worked admirably. The pipe was made of hollowed out saplings, joined together and sunken into the ground below frost level.

The water flowed through a big wooden trough in the cellar, thence through another wooden pipe into the watering trough in the barn yard. Always cold, summer or winter, the water in the cellar kept the milk and butter

crocks almost as cool as in a modern refrigerator.

Tom Keith's favorite companion during his boyhood was Dr. Livingston, colloquially known as the Indian Doctor. Dr. Livingston was a frequent visitor at the Keith farm along the Juniata river, staying for weeks at a time.

Accompanied "Indian Doctor"

Tom accompanied him on tramps over the country and river side in quest of herbs, which the doctor used to concoct his medicines. Tom was so interested he even helped to prepare the herbs and roots, thereby learning their properties and what maladies they were good for.

In after years when his son George was born, the baby was so unusually bright looking and well formed that the happy father exclaimed:

"I'm going to make a doctor out of this one, Isn't he a nice baby?"

"Yes," answered the baby's Aunt Mary, "he is too nice for this earth."

She spoke more prophetically than she realized because the child died in a short time thereafter.

Assisted Doctor's Son

In later years when Dr. Livingston's son Jerry came back from school and hung up his shingle as his father's successor, Tom Keith gave him a helping hand. The young physician had no money. Mr. Keith invited him to stay at his home and furnished him with a riding horse to use in making his sick calls.

Dr. Jerry Livingston was like a brother to the Keith children. They respected and liked him. In course of time he opened an office in Fredericksburg. His talents and good qualities of character were properly appreciated. Nevertheless, for some inexplicable reason, he ushered himself to an untimely

end by committing suicide by shooting himself.

Father Fought In Civil War

Thomas Keith enlisted in the service during the Civil War on March 15, 1862, and served as private in Company D, 91st Pennsylvania infantry. He was discharged July 10, 1865. Mr. Keith died in 1906.

He participated in some of the hardest fought campaigns in Virginia. Being an intensely religious man, the callousness, brutality and indifference to the human soul bred by the war, was more appalling than the bloodshed and destruction.

He saw soldiers starved and frozen to death. As like as not, survivors marching by, rolled the bodies over to see whether life remained, remarking as they did so:

"Here's another one gone to eternity." Only they didn't use the word eternity.

He never got over such memories of man's inhumanity to man.

Entertained Minister

Mr. Keith was a Methodist. His greatest delight was to go to church and entertain the minister at his home. The preacher had three churches in his charge—Coffee Run, Russellville and Marklesburg. His custom was to spend Saturday night at Tom Keith's. After church, Mr. Keith would bring him home for dinner, after which he would drive him over to Marklesburg to Uncle Jim's for supper.

Following his army service, Mr. Keith's health was impaired to the extent that he was unable to do hard manual work. He kept hired help to do the farming. However, after she grew older, Harriet pitched in and helped, especially during hay-making and harvest.

Especially Liked Horses

She liked working with horses. Being out in the fields was a break

from the monotony of housework. As for efficiency, the men granted she did not need to take a back seat. She could keep them moving.

On account of the season being a few days or a week earlier on the east side of Tussey mountain, Mr. Keith would finish his harvest then he and Harriet would drive across the mountain into the Cove and help her brother Will put his harvest away on the farm at the Cross Roads.

Harriet did not mind hard work. She had lots of fun, too. Going to church, visiting and driving to market. In the long run that was more pleasure than any commercial amusements that sate the sensibilities of modern youth.

Bought Sugar In Barrels

And talk about sugar cards! Why, Tom Keith always bought sugar by the barrel. Saved the marketing, then went to Saxton and laid in a barrel of sugar.

Mr. Keith liked The Cove so well that he eventually moved to Martinsburg, buying a house on East Allegheny street occupied by Al. Hoover's. In order to give the Hoover family time to find a suitable home elsewhere, Mr. and Mrs. Keith lived with their son Will for a year.

Later Mr. Keith bought the house where Mrs. Lang lives and where he died April 4, 1906. His widow died April 17, 1915, preceding her daughter, Mrs. Mary Mock, to the grave by only a few weeks. The latter died May 2, 1915.

Keiths Are Built Slender

As a rule the Keiths are of slender build. Mrs. Mock was the exception. She weighed just under two hundred pounds. Her husband, David Mock, tipped the scales at almost precisely the same weight.

Harriet's brother Will died Mar.

15, 1929. The baby of the family, she also is the last. Although suffering from a nervous condition, she still has the energy and liveliness which has made her such a hard worker and good company.

She wonders sometimes why young folks consider it a hardship to attend the big, comfortable, well-equipped schools today. The Keith children had to walk two miles to the Coffey Run school-house.

Oftentimes in bad weather, they had to stand close to the stove until they dried their clothes and warmed their toes. That was all

in the day's routine. Nobody complained. Blair Summers, uncle of Frank Summers of Henrietta, was one of her teachers.

Labor saving inventions, Mrs. Lang believes, have made life much easier for women. No more bending over the wash board to rub out the family wash by hand. In spite of that, they are neither healthier nor happier.

After all leisure and ease do not make up the sum total of happiness. The pride of accomplishing usefulness in our individual stations in life, is a compensation above money and above price.

RAILROADING AND CANAL DAYS

You often hear a man boast of his watch:

"It's as good as a railroader's"

To most people that is only a phrase. After listening to George W. Estep, of Hollidaysburg, retired baggage master and extra conductor, one realizes the accuracy of the railroader's watch is a matter of life or death. A split second or a difference of a fraction of a minute, at least, may wreck a train.

Disobeyed Orders

Mr. Estep's watch always was right, but he admits he disobeyed orders once. Instructed to pull his cattle train on to the siding at Eldorado, he flatly refused because he knew the siding was too short to accomodate the train. Next morning the superintendent congratulated him. He hadn't realized the shortness of the siding, he said.

Mr. Estep used to work on the Williamsburg and Henrietta branch railroads. As conductor he made night runs delivering cattle

cars at Hollidaysburg, Williamsburg and Curry.

Before the cattle were trucked over the highways, the branch railroads in Blair county did a boom business transporting cattle. There was a cattle yard at every shipping point. They have long since disappeared except the yard at Curry which continued until a few years ago when it was displaced by the Eastern States property.

Missed Fatal Wreck

He likes to tell the story of how he missed being in the wreck that killed Conductor Davy Arthur and Brakeman Woodring.

It was during the great drought of 1893. It was so dry the leaves turned brown long before the autumn frosts. The old timers say one couldn't see a green thing.

The railroad company hauled water in tanks all fall. Mr. Estep predicted something would happen because those water trains were backing and puffing all over the place.

In the evening before that fatal wreck Mr. Estep had been ordered to make the run. Just before starting out, Dan Hoover said, "I'm going to take the Henrietta run."

Mr. Hoover got a couple of weeks in the hospital as a result.

The time schedule governing the running of trains is one of the marvels of modern transportation. The conductor knows the time of each train on his division as accurately as he knows his own name. Of course the elaborate system of blocks, signals and telegraphy are necessary auxiliaries. But the conductor's watch must be up to snuff.

Canal Schedule Not Always Accurate

It was different on the Pennsylvania canal. Promptness was not so much the essence of time. When a boat approached a lock, the captain blew a lusty blast on his tin or brass horn to signal the lock tender to open the wickets in the gate.

Symbolical of the financial standing of the captain, the horns, which were about eighteen inches long, were very ordinary affairs of tin, straight or coiled, or expensive instruments of shining brass.

While a lad, Mr. Estep lived in a house across the road from the Franklin Forge lock. The doings on the canal fascinated his childish interest. He never tired of watching the fussy little steam packet boats pass through the lock. First the captain lashed the anchor to a post at the lock to hold the vessel steady.

The locks were situated at places where the water flowed from a higher to a lower level. In case the packet was steaming towards Hollidaysburg, the lock tender opened the wickets on the upper gate to let the water fill up the

lock, thus lifting the boat to the level of the Three Mile dam.

Down current this process was reversed. The wickets in the lower gate were opened, allowing the water to run out. The boat sunk gradually lower until the roof of the cabin was almost level with the ground. To the juvenile gaze of young George Estep, it seemed as if the lock was swallowing it.

The wickets revolved. They were opened and shut by a lever, wielded by bearing down of the tender's muscular arms.

Store Boat Arrived

The high light of the whole season before the cold of winter closed the canal to traffic was the arrival in the lock of James Patterson's store boat. Mother Estep bought coal oil, molasses, sugar coffee and occasional pieces of dry goods. Steps led from the ground into the cabin where a counter and shelves, accommodated the wishes of the customers.

Mr. Patterson kept a store in Williamsburg. The service whereby he floated a store to the front doors of his rural customers was a side line. Apparently a profitable one.

Mr. Estep enjoyed going to Hollidaysburg on the packet but the flat boats were a different proposition. Heavily laden with coal or lumber, they were towed by mules, who furnished the motive power by pulling the boat as they walked along the tow path.

Frequently there were three mules, hitched to the tow rope by single trees, and walking duck fashion, one ahead of the other. The boats were steered by the pilot or steersman who manipulated the rudder from the read end of the boat.

Boat Went Over Falls

Once George saw a flat boat loaded with coal get out of hand

to the extent it went over the falls of the breast of the Three Mile dam, mules and all. It landed bottom side down, thanks to the skill of the pilot, but to the boy it was a shocking thing to witness.

The only time he rode a flat boat was enroute to a picnic at Waterstreet. The men had laid boards cross wise on the deck, similarly to the way the seats were arranged on sleds, when the young folks went on a ride over snowy roads in the winter.

Those in charge crowded the little folks together as closely as sardines in a can. Picnic baskets packed to overflowing, stowed in the cabin had no soothing effect on little George. He sat with his eyes glued on the tow rope, thinking of the terrible thing that would happen if it should break.

It was fun, too, to watch the flat boatmen change mules. The mules not serving on the tow path were stabled on the boat. They were led on and off the boats by means of steps. This operation was executed at the locks, of course.

Covered bridges spanning the canal were built high enough to permit the boats to pass underneath.

"Why were they covered?" asked the By-Gone Days reporter.

Bridges Were Covered

"Don't you know?" was the quick reply, "The bridges were covered to protect the floors from the weather so that they would last longer."

Sure enough. That sounds reasonable.

Mr. Estep was born at Cassville, Huntingdon county, May 18, 1862, a son of James Allen and Sarah Jane (McNerlin) Estep. In 1872 the father gave up farming and moved to the vicinity of Williamsburg in favor of the job of hauling cinder

from the Williamsburg furnace.

Father Was Killed

He was killed February 22, 1873, by a fellow worker who struck him on the head with a "billy." The crime was committed apparently without provocation, except that the perpetrator wanted his victim's job. He was sentenced to eight years and seven months to the penitentiary.

Following his father's untimely death, George and his brothers and sisters were "farmed out." It fell to George's lot to have Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ake as his benefactors. Life on the big Ake homestead farm was quite different than in his widowed mother's house.

Chose Railroadng As Vocation

Although he liked life on the farm, he choose railroadng in preference. He speaks with that fraternal warmness, which welds fellow railroaders into one circle, of the long line of good fellows with whom he worked from 1906 until his retirement in January 1931.

Knepper, Dent, Curry, Hoover, Snyder, Snowberger, and many others whose names recall the heyday of the branch roads when meeting the evening train was the chief social diversion of every town along the track.

He tells a good joke on Dan Snowberger. At Dan's request, Mr. Estep consented to act as go-between young Dan and a charming Williamsburg girl. All dolled up they called at the young lady's house.

She failed to show up. After sitting for a while, they got hep to the state of affairs and left. Although the joke was on Dan, he got as much fun out of it as Mr. Estep.

Mr. Estep married Miss Laura Elizabeth Sorrick forty-eight years ago. She is a sister of John Sor-

rick, formerly of Curryville, now of Williamsburg.

They have five children living:

Raymond, Calvin, Alverta and Eugene, all of Hollidaysburg, and Palmer, of Baltimore.

Unearth Skull of Executed Man

On a Sunday during a summer of the 1880's, a group of boys whiled away the pleasant afternoon in John Sell's orchard near Leamerville. As is the way with country boys, their recreation took the form of strenuous activity. One of the boys began digging under a pear tree in the orchard.

Soon the spade encountered something solid. A little exploratory excavating uncovered a human skull.

Discovers Murder's Skull

It was the skull of James Shirley, wife murderer, the first man in Blair county to be executed by the strong arm of the law. He died by the hangman's noose in the jail yard in 1853.

The eyes of the boys grew wide with awe. The gruesome crime had so shocked the people in the community that the more superstitious declared the place was "hanted." Some went so far as to say that they could not drive their horses past the spot at night. The animals shied and evidenced symptoms of great fear. Only by leading them by the bridle could they be persuaded to pass the lonely resting place of the ill-fated Shirley.

Buried On Own Property

The county was young. It had been organized in 1846. Therefore many of the administrative details remained to be established, one of them being the acquiring and laying out of a potter's field. The perplexed county officials finally decided to inter the body on the land belonging to Mr. Shirley in his

lifetime. As a matter of fact it was reported it was in line with the dead man's request.

To the consternation of the others, one of the boys in a spirit of bravado hid the skull in his bedroom. Such total disregard of the "hant" raised the boy to the status of a hero in the eyes of his more timorous companions.

The skull remained in the lad's room until his mother saw it. Horrified, she demanded its removal. He then surreptitiously fastened it to a rafter in the wagon shed. Eventually it was removed to its original resting place in the grave under the pear tree, but not until the birds had made use of it as a convenient nesting place in which they reared their young.

Photograph On Display

Memory of the devious history of the skull of Blair County's first murderer was revived last week by the display at the court house of an old tin-type of James Shirley. It is the property of Mrs. H. H. Lecrone of Altoona. Mrs. Lecrone, the former Miss Sarah Reid, was a well known public school teacher before her marriage.

The picture has belonged to her late father, George Washington Reid, of Yellow Creek. Mr. Reid sprung the trap which hanged Mr. Shirley. Mr. Reid's father, William Reid, was sheriff of Blair county at the time. He deputized his son, then twenty-one or two years old, to perform the execution.

Before the institution of the elec-

tric chair, it was the sworn duty of the sheriff to carry out the mandate of the law on criminals condemned to death in the county. naturally all of them hoped this onerous duty would not fall to their lot. When it did, there was no escaping it.

Murder Aroused Interest

The crime of which the law found James Shirley guilty so worked up the people that his trial was followed with county-wide interest maintained at white heat by the details of the crime.

It was brought out he had killed his wife with a hammer following a struggle so violent that marks of her long hair were stamped in blood in spots where her head had been battered against the white washed wall of the kitchen in the Shirley home.

Neighbors, who testified to finding the body, told that Mr. Shirley was in bed up-stairs, with the covers drawn up to his chin and a medicine bottle in reach of his hand, pretending he was sick.

Many Witness Hanging

His hanging was witnessed by an immense crowd. Those who could

not get into the jail yard, climbed trees, stood on roofs or leaned out of near-by windows. He apparently repented of the crime during his imprisonment.

His picture owned by Mrs. Le-crone shows a man with a heavy, disheveled beard and hair but with good features, although the eyes have a wide open rather glaring stare.

County court record and other historical documents reveal that Alexander Hutchinson was the first man indicted for murder in Blair county. He was sentenced to be hanged in 1850 but for some reason the governor of the commonwealth neglected to sign the death warrant.

Eventually the county officials decided to release him from jail. Refusing to leave, he potted around the bastile, doing small tasks, thus remaining as a kind of fixture in the jail personnel. After some years, he unobtrusively vanished one day, never to be seen in those parts again. The records say he died years later in an eastern county.

Mrs. Hite Describes Story Book Life

Mrs. Anna Wike Hite of Roaring Spring, has had a story book life.

Put out with strangers in her early childhood, the happiness of her later life and the security and comfort of her spacious home, compensate for the deprivations she had to endure when she was "Little Orphan Annie."

She was one of the five daughters of Jacob Wike and Susanna Detwiler Wike, his wife. Her

father and mother died less than a year apart. While digging a well on the former Samuel Detwiler, now the Charles Ake farm, northeast of Martinsburg, a rock fell on Mr. Wike's head. He died shortly thereafter.

Mrs. Wike, left with six little girls, one of whom, Lizzie Biddle, had been born to her first marriage, and without any means of support, worried herself into a decline. The doctor tried to help but he said:

"I can't give medicine for worry."

Given Temporary Home

After her funeral, relatives and neighbors took the children temporarily. Dark haired, bright-eyed little Anna was taken by Uncle Sammy Detwiler. His family was large and resources meagre. Reluctantly he was forced to tell her he was unable to raise her. Next to her dead parents, she loved Uncle Sammy best.

In a few days, Mrs. Powell (Paul) Fouse of Hickory Bottom, drove up to look the little orphans over. She had come as soon as she could because, as she explained, she wanted to have her pick. Her wish was to take a very young girl so that she might train her to work just exactly the way she worked.

Taken Into Fouse Family

Well, she picked Anna at first sight. The little orphan was only seven and one-half years old. She had never laid eyes on her foster mother before.

It took only a few minutes to pack her scout belongings, but years did not wipe out the sorrow and loneliness incident to the uprooting from all her tender family ties.

Heretofore she and her sisters had played. They shared the joys of their childish association under the loving care of her parents. Now, she was bereft of them all and was being trained to work in the home of a stranger.

Mrs. Fouse was genuinely attached to the little girl. She treated her with kindness, but night after night Anna cried herself to sleep in her big four-poster bed, longing for her sisters, who were living in widely separated homes. Thereafter, a meeting with one of

them at intervals of months or years, was the greatest boon in her life.

Learned To Work

How well she learned to work was evidenced by her ability to take full charge of the household duties by the time she was eleven years old. On account of having to care for her invalid mother, Mrs. David Byers of Woodbury, Mrs. Fouse was away from home a great deal.

The summer she was eleven, Anna cooked for the harvest hands. After taking a basket of fat cakes (square doughnuts) to the men for a 10 o'clock piece, she hurried down the long lane from the ridge field to start preparations to cook a big pot-pie dinner.

The Fouse family table was always spread abundantly with good food. The pot-pie and vegetables were a cinch for Anna to cook. Scalding the hatchet clean and chopping up the ham bone was play, but carying the first cut out of a big ham was a different proposition.

The only tool she had was a butcher knife. If anyone thinks that is easy, let him try it. With the price of ham at its present level, most people would be willing to run the risk of spraining their wrists at it, if given the run of a country smoke house.

Enjoyed Proud Moment

Anna could sew, too. First she practiced sewing seams by hand. After she could do a back stitch as fine as the sewing machine product, she was allowed to run the sewing machine. That was a proud moment. It was no comparison, though, to the grand feeling she had when she took the marketing to Bechoefer's store at Woodbury.

Driving Pet, the gentle bay driving horse hitched to the Fouse shiny, well-kept buggy, she held the lines daintily in one hand and thought to herself:

"I wonder whether people think I own this buggy and horse."

She is eternally grateful to Mrs. Fouse for teaching her to sell nothing but the best. If either the butter or eggs could not be taken to market within a few days, Mrs. Fouse would say:

Only the Best Was Sold

"We'll sell only the freshest butter and the new-laid eggs. The oldest we'll eat ourselves. Never sell anything you wouldn't want to buy yourself."

Anna was almost as proud to sell that good fresh butter and the fresh eggs as she was to make the trip. The milk crocks cooled in three rows in the stream of water that flowed through the cellar.

At first Anna had to stand on a stool to churn the butter because she was so little. Of course, she also stood on a chair to wash the dishes. The passing years took care of that. It wasn't long till she was tall enough to manipulate churn and dishpan from the floor.

Four o'clock was getting-up time on the farm. Anna did not mind it much in summer. It was no fun in the winter getting up in the dark and milking the cows by lantern light.

Compares Past With Present

It is amusing now for Mrs. Hite to think of washday back on the farm. Being accustomed for years modern slave of mechanical into turning a switch and letting that vention — electricity — take the place of elbow grease, that old-time washday really is something to laugh at.

No laughing matter then. The

clothes were rubbed on the wooden cylinder washboard twice. Then the white clothes were coiled in an iron kettle in the out-doors fireplace, washed again on the board and rinsed twice. All that water had to be carried, too. No self-respecting germ or fleck of dirt could survive that vigorous treatment but it was hard on backs.

(To be continued.)

Following Mr. Fouse's death, the widow leased the farm to a tenant, reserving two rooms on the second floor, and a bedroom on the third floor of the basement dwelling house as living quarters for her foster daughter and herself.

Since she kept a cow, horse and pigs and maintained a garden and potato patch, there still was plenty of work for the orphan girl to do. Eventually Mrs. Fouse slicked up the horse and rubber tired buggy and took to meeting the train at Curry station on Saturday evenings.

Foster Mother Remarried

Accompanying her home was Samuel Walk, of Altoona, a widower, who came a-calling, object matrimony. In due course, the couple was married, the family circle being augmented by the husband and his two adult sons, Walter and Jacob.

Walter was a school teacher. After the evening work was done, Walter took the little orphan in hand and coached her in school studies. Fatigued at the end of the long day, her eyes usually were heavy with sleep. She looked longingly at the clock, wearying for the night's rest which, terminating at 4 o'clock, was all too short.

Nevertheless, Walter insisted that she must do the arithmetic problems until she got the answers and understood the process. He al-

so made her demonstrate her adeptness in making the proper shading and curlicues on Spencerian penmanship.

Holding her pencil at the precise angle Walter required, with free rotating movement of the wrist, she evolved endless lines of interlinking circles and so on, until she could go through the gamut of the entire alphabet in the same way.

Grateful for Instruction

Well, she lived to be grateful to Walter. It was pretty tough going during those long, sleepy evenings, but after she assisted her husband in his rapidly expanding business, following her marriage, she appreciated how much good she had derived from Walter's painstaking efforts in her behalf. When she last heard from him he was in Oklahoma. He probably is dead.

School term was the most delightful time of the year to Anna. The companionship of her schoolmates assuaged her loneliness and pushed into the background the hurt of being deprived of parents, a joy her little friends had as a matter of course.

She and Electa Replogle (Mrs. Mentzer) always planned ahead to sit together and the seat they would choose in the little frame schoolhouse near the Fouse or Walk home.

Appreciated Chum

Anna and Electa were chums. Electa was bright. All the Replogle's were bright, but in Anna's estimation Electa was brightest. The upshot of that was that the ambition to keep up with Electa put Anna on tip-toe to get her lessons thoroughly.

Come to think of it, the whole school was keen. There were the Basslers, the Bulgers and the Smiths. None of them had to take

a back seat when it came to checking up the scholarship grades or spelling jawbreakers.

Elected President of Society

The climax came when Anna was elected president of the school literary society. That was a coveted honor. The society had a hifaluting name, which Mrs. Hite no longer recalls, but the grand and glorious feeling of presiding over that august body still leaves its flavor in her memory.

Students vied with one another in presentation of orations, recitations and dialogues, but the outstanding feature was debating.

"Resolved, that fire is more destructive than water," "Resolved, that the horse is more useful than the cow," and "Resolved, that Washington was a greater statesman than Lincoln," were some of the questions that stimulated the gray matter of the young contestants into flights of eloquence and logic, their fellow students did not suspect they possessed.

Sometimes they even surpassed their own expectations. Here was where Electa Replogle shone. She was always on the lookout to twist her opponent's arguments into a knot.

Church Broke Monotony

Another break in the monotony of the hard working days was church. Not everyone had the privilege of having a church right on a corner of their farm.

The Mt. Zion Reformed church was built on land taken from the Fouse farm. It made Anna feel she had a sort of proprietary interest in the church. It was very pleasant going there to preaching service and Sunday school.

She liked to listen to Rev. Siple and Rev. Walter Miller, the then current pastors, and to mingle with the other young people of the com-

munity. Anna Bechtel, (Mrs. Lee Stoudnour) was one of her classmates in Sunday school. Most of the others are dead or living in distant places.

Accepted Job in Factory

Life went on in the uneventful tenor of the days on Hickory Bottom until Anna was in her late teens. Then her uncle, David Wike, persuaded her to take a job at the book factory at Roaring Spring.

Regretful to leave her young friends she hesitated a moment. Of course there was a young man who had gone away, anticipating making his fortune and laying it at Anna's feet.

Her charm, good looks and jolly demeanor naturally attracted the consideration of the occupants of the boy's side at school and church. Nevertheless, she was eager to start on her own.

"You know," she said to the By-Gone Days reporter, "it was like heaven at the book factory. When the whistle blew, our work was done. Of course the hours were long. We worked from 7 o'clock to 6.

"I stood at a table and made the covers for books. Stood all day, but after the work I was used to on the farm, it was like play. Maggie Roush worked at the same table. We had lots of fun together. We got a dollar a day. My, that looked big to me then."

Meets Future Husband

Now that she had time to herself during the evenings and Sundays, access to the railroad made it possible for her to visit her sisters. While visiting Ellen (Mrs. Emanuel Ebersole) at Martinsburg, she attended a picnic at the park. Although she was not aware of it at the time, she met her fate.

He was Grant Hite, young un-

dertaker and furniture dealer of Roaring Spring. He played in the orchestra at the picnic. Throughout his life his chief recreation was music.

They married and lived together and worked together with that understanding and congeniality which made them helpmates in the truest sense of the word. Mr. Hite died several years ago.

Since then, the business has been carried on very successfully by their sons, Walter, Carl and Alvin, under the firm name of Hite Brothers.

The other children are Irene (Mrs. Walter Hunt), Earle Hite, druggist, both of Roaring Spring; and Sarah (Mrs. Charles McGee), of Baltimore. There are five grandchildren.

Mountain Source of Strength

From her comfortable home, high up on Main street, Mrs. Hite has a lovely view of Dunning's Mountain. This outlook is a source of strength. As she frequently remarks to her family and closest friends:

"Go to the mountain and you'll forget your troubles."

No legislation has appealed so heartily to Mrs. Hite as the law granting assistance to widows with dependent children.

Until a few years ago the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania was indifferent to the sufferings of orphan children, who had to rely on the mercy of strangers to bring them up. She well knows the pangs that attend being torn loose from family and the hearthside of home.

The care of the state to preserve the family ties of the fatherless surely had its conception in divine sympathy for the sorrows of helpless humankind.

HISTORY OF SHOE COBBLING DAYS

Stepping into John B. Miller's shoe and harness store and cobbler shop, Roaring Spring, Saturday afternoon, the ears of the By-Gone Days reporter were greeted by the staccato tap, tap-a-tap of the proprietor's hammer briskly pegging away at half-soling a shoe.

"How long have you been cobbling, John?" asked the reporter.

"Sixty-seven years," was the reply.

"Why," exclaimed the reporter, "That's a record. I venture to say there's no other cobbler in the county, probably in the State of Pennsylvania, who can top that length of service.

"I see you're still going strong. How old are you?"

Can't Live Without Work

"Eighty last February. Yes, I'm still working. I can't get along without something to employ my time and to keep my mind on. If I couldn't work, I wouldn't last long."

In this world we have the doers and the leaners. Some come into the world, figuratively speaking, with a shovel in their hands to lean on. They are the watchers and waiters. The bane of the energy-charged doers is leisure. They have to work or perish. John is a doer.

A visit to his shop is like stepping backward into the Fifty-Year-Ago column. Not that Mr. Miller is not progressive. He has his work shop with modern electrically operated machinery.

But backed along the walls and in odd corners are enough relics to stock a curiosity shop. He never threw anything away. Therefore, he still has all the tools he ever used, as well as those owned by his

father before him, David Miller, late resident of Bakers Summit, who taught John his trade.

"Don't the antique dealers ever come to see you?" asked the reporter.

Values Antiques

"O, my yes! But I never give them anything. I've had these things so long, I just can't seem to part with them."

"Well, if you ever turn an auctioneer loose in here, it would be like putting a museum on the auction block," remarked the reporter.

On display in the show window is a boot jack in the shape of a bug or cricket, with widely spread antennae, which the boot wearer of half a century ago used to pry off his reluctant foot gear.

The male American of tender years probably thinks it is a door stop or something. A boot jack is an object outside his category.

However, it was an instrument which the late George Martin was well acquainted with. Mr. Miller has a pair of George Martin's square-toed boots, which were made by David Miller, John's father, 75 years ago. Mr. Martin wore them 21 years, then gave them to John for a keepsake.

The calf skin leather, well oiled, is soft and pliable, probably good for several years more, providing anyone could be found who would go through the ordeal of putting them on and taking them off. All the seams and the counters were sewed by hand.

Charlie Zook, well known Roaring Spring jeweler of other years, was a soldier in the Civil War. He lost a leg in one of the great battles of the conflict.

After he came back, he worked out an apprenticeship with Father David Miller. Now standing at the pegging bench and adjusting the ratchet that held taut the straps, which kept the shoe in place was an awkward job for a one-legged man.

Bench Changed for Cripple

Equal to the emergency, the elder Shoemaker Miller invented a pegging bench for Charlie's use. He hollowed out a gum tree trunk, set a kind of bowl on the top on which the shoe rested, connected the straps with a wooden lever and presto, there was a pegging bench to suit a peg leg to a "T."

Father David Miller had six boys: Andy, John, Charles, Joe, Dave and Ed. Andy, John, Charles and later Dave, all learned the shoe making trade.

Well, that was too many shoemakers for a place the size of Bakers Summit. Andy went to Woodbury, later to Curryville, where he engaged in farming for 52 years. Charles went to clerking in Duncan's store at Ore Hill and John came to Roaring Spring. That was in November, 1889.

Opened Shop Many Years Ago

Roaring Spring wasn't much of a town then. Most of it hugged the spring, Halter Creek and the railroad track. There were no houses beyond the Lutheran church towards Martinsburg.

John opened his shop in a small building across the street from his present store. He looked to the other side of the street from his work bench at Dave Hainley's old log house.

Eventually he bought it, tore it down, used all the reclaimable material and rebuilt it. As his business expanded, he built a couple of annexes to it and eventually added a house and a wife.

His wife, formerly Miss Annie Sauer, prominent music teacher, assists him in the conduct of the store. She is a woman who never grows old. Active, alert and keenly intelligent, she looks as young as she did 25 years ago.

"Is the factory leather of today as good as that made by the local tanners years ago?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I believe it is better," opined Mr. Miller.

Well, did that take the reporter by surprise. She was so much accustomed to hear the old extolled above the new, that she had to have a little time to adjust her mind to the old shoemaker's assertion. Especially in the face of the record for durability hung up by the pair of old boots his father had made for George Martin.

Bought Leather at New Enterprise

When he was a young man assisting his father at Bakers Summit, John used to get his leather from Adam Haderman, the tanner at New Enterprise.

Although Bakers Summit was in the limelight in this part of the fine livestock farm owned by Dr. James W. Madara, which was popularized by a race track over which the doctor ran his own fast horses, as well as those of his competitors, it was off from any hack route.

When John needed a new stock of calf skin leather or kip, he caught a ride to New Enterprise with Jacob Pote, a huckster. After making his purchase, he loaded the leather on his back or shoulders, and walked home, a distance of seven miles.

Morocco Was Imported

Calf skin leather was the best quality made locally. Morocco, when required for women's dress shoes, was imported. Kip, the next

grade to calf skin, was made from steer hides. Cow hide, what might be called the run of the mill, was the cheapest, hard and tough.

Generally used for work shoes and boys' wear, following a day's tramping about in a spell of rainy weather, it shrank and hardened to such an extent over night, that the unhappy wearer of shoe leather thus treated, had a tug of war to get his feet into it next morning.

John took a whack at farming the year he was 14. Hired out to Crist and Dave Long for 50 dollars a year. After the year was up, he decided he was not cut out to be a farmer. He went back to his first love, shoe making.

Enjoying Watching Races

Not given greatly to hunting, a recreation at which his brother Andy had a reputation of being one of the best wing shots in those parts, John's chief diversion was watching the races on Dr. Madara's track.

Hanging over the post and rail fence or sitting on the grass alongside the course, he watched with goggle-eyed interest the speed pounded out by those swift-gaited racers.

The jockeys, leaning out from the sulkies almost over the horses' rumps, urged their steeds on with lashes of the whip and lurid language. The big bugs, in frock coats, swaggering about with gold-headed canes, and the stylishly dressed ladies, all introduced the novelty of sophisticated high life into the quiet rural community.

This human setting was of as much interest to young John as the horses. The casual disregard with which they gambled their money was beyond his understanding. To a kid to whom a nickel looked as big as a dollar, money was too

hard to get to throw around like so much chicken feed.

Doctor's Life Full of Adventure

Dr. Madara's life was as full of adventure as the hero of a paper backed ten cent thriller. Armed with a string of diplomas from eastern colleges and medical schools, he went west.

Among his exploits was a buggy ride of six hundred miles through the wilds of Indian territory before it was admitted into the Union.

During World War No. 1, he volunteered for service in the Philippines. Relatives heard from him up until a few years ago. As he would be around 90, if still living, his friends hope that death has spared him the fate of being at the mercy of the Japs.

Among Mr. Miller's collection of relics, is an old clock of Eli Lower's. Its weights strung on cords, as well as the decoration on the glass, prove it to be hoary with age. On account of its not being quite level on the shelf, it's on a sit-down strike, but John says it will go, if given half a chance.

It has ticked off enough seconds in its time to count up to big figures in a class with our national debt. The changes in our manner of living it has reckoned, must have put a curl in old Father Time's whiskers.

Struck Knell to Boot Making

At any rate, it has struck the knell to boot and shoe making by hand. The machinery the genius of man invoked to accelerate production, has become the piper that plays the tune to which humanity must dance in whirligig time.

John says the old-time shoe maker completed a pair of boots at one sitting. Why, the last winter he went to school, he frequently sat on the work bench after re-

turning home, sewed up a pair of boots, turned them, put the bottoms on and had them ready to wear by bed time. That was fast work, but not fast enough to compete with the march of time.

Fashion had a great deal to do with it, too. John made his last pair of boots 30 years ago. They went out of style. They cost six or seven dollars. The factory un-

dersold. Another home trade went to the wall. But so far, the factory has not taken cobbling over. Pegging soles is still a local job.

In the 67 years Mr. Miller has devoted to his trade, he has given the community honest, courteous service. Nothing but his best in goods or handiwork has been offered to his customers.

Tells of Iron Age In Morrisons Cove

Like an old war horse smelling powder, Collins D. Green of Roaring Spring takes on a new lease of life at mention of McKee.

Present day reality faded away and memory re-creates the scenes at Martha Furnace, whose seething charcoal fires reduced the ores from Dunnings mountain into tons of pig iron.

Mr. Green was 83 the day after New Year's. He was born at Bloomfield Furnace (Ore Hill) Jan. 2, 1859, the son of Abraham and Sarah (Grove) Green. The first sounds he heard were the creak and rattle of charcoal wagons carrying fuel to the furnace. Sights and incidents connected with iron making were so much a part and parcel of his childhood he pictured the whole world as a Vulcan domain of furnaces and forges.

Named for Duncan

Even his name is significant of Blair county's iron age. He was a namesake of Collins Duncan, brother of the late Peter Duncan of Hollidaysburg, who was manager of the iron works at Ore Hill.

Through the alchemy of memory, he became a boy again at Martha Furnace. At 12 years of age he went on the company payroll at 50 cents a day, to pitch ganister

rock down the mountain side.

Throwing rocks down a mountain doesn't make much sense nowadays. Any boy would like to take a whack at that as an idle pastime. It wasn't much of a pastime when followed day after day for ten hours at a stretch.

Gangs of men and boys were stationed at intervals on the mountain slope, the top gang picking up stones and throwing them down to the gang below, who picked them up and threw them to the next gang, and so on until the stones were conveyed to the bottom.

Hauled by Wagon

There they were loaded on wagons for transportation to the right of way of the Morrisons Cove branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, whose road bed was constructed out of these stones.

Before the eyes of the boy pitching stones on the hill side, the huge stack of Martha Furnace, belching a pall of smoke, dominates the scene below. Six mule team wagons pull up to the "stock houses" to unload their grimy cargo. The precious fuel is carried to the stock house in baskets to pre-

vent waste. Here it is kept in storage for future use at the furnace.

A progressive series of hard toil and sweat went into the making of the charcoal. First, the wood choppers, a hardy, clannish race of skilled axe wielders, previously had been assigned to clear off great tracts of white oak timber. Each man had a section, which he cleared and ranked into cords with a rapidity that would amaze this generation, unused to wood cutting strategy.

Choppers Were Rivals

Each chopper strove to run up a championship record. His axe was his badge of personal prowess, and woe betide any lout who would pick it up and carelessly dull its razor-like edge.

Inspectors sometimes wounded the pride of a wood chopper by chalking up inferior wood or careless ranking. His wages accordingly were docked, which was of less consequence than the blot on the chopper's skill.

Wood chopping was a winter's job. During the summer months the woodsmen turned to any kind of day labor they could pick up. Perhaps during haying they cut grass with a scythe. The prettiest sight Mr. Green ever saw was a row of a dozen men cutting hay in the broad, level meadow which stretched across from the furnace.

Keeping in a straight line, the men swung their scythes in unison, laying straight, even swaths. The grace and precision of their movements was like the rhythm of a musical symphony. Together with the boys, Collins followed behind the reapers and scattered the grass with a wooden fork to facilitate drying.

Hay Making Was Important

Hay making was one of the component activities of the iron in-

dustry. Mules were motive power and the mules had to be fed. The hay was stored in the three big mule stables near the furnace, the surplus being stacked in a large shed and ricks in the open.

The colliers were another set of skilled laborers. Theirs was a summer job. It required experience to burn the wood in the pit. It had to be watched so that it would smoulder and char. The stacks were plastered with earth to keep the air out. If an air hole developed, it had to be smothered quickly with mud or damp leaves, else the fire would burst into flame and the wood to ashes.

Timber All Used

Eventually the oak timber adjacent to Martha Furnace became exhausted. The colliers were obliged to go farther and farther afield. Mr. Green says the last charcoal burned for the Denniston and Porter company was hauled from the Allegheny mountains, away beyond East Freedom.

With charcoal so hard to procure, the Denniston and Porter company shut down the furnace. Knapp, an iron man of Pittsburgh, succeeded them. He blew in with grandiose ideas.

Throwing money right and left, the new promoters built up the original furnace stack to a much higher elevation, put up a large new steel furnace and new forges and inaugurated a water system such as batted the eyes of rural Morrisons Cove.

Tearing down the iron pipes which carried water from the four dams which fed the forges from Cabbage, Halter and Plum creeks and the spring stream, they built an overhead conduit which carried

water from the spring to a great wooden wheel, sixty feet high.

The only race to carry the water from the wheel ran over land belonging to the Hammond Iron company. As a boy, Mr. Green was greatly amused at the tactics of the rival companies. As fast as Knapp's workmen dug out the race, Hammond's men filled it up.

Well, that stopped the big wheel. Knapp's used coal for fuel instead of charcoal. At about this stage in the game, Knapp's busted up, folded their tents and quietly stole away. Their misadventure was not the result of lack of ore. Mr. Green says there is an abundance underlying the mountains.

Mr. Green is so impregnated with memories of Martha Furnace that when the flood gates are opened and he describes former scenes, he leads his audience into the long ago and you hear the clang of hammer strokes on iron and the sizzlins of the liquified metal as it is poured into the pig bed.

His reconstruction of a model forge, which illustrated to the minutest detail how it worked, even to the water wheel which generated the power, was one of the highlights of the Golden Anniversary program at Roaring Spring in 1937.

He worked a whole summer to make it. In order to insure its preservation for the edification of future generations, he has consented to present it to the Blair County Historical Society.

Each furnace was manned by a keeper, helper, cinder snapper and iron budger. The cinder snapper flushed the upper door of the furnace and let the cinder or refuse drain out. Since it was lighter

than iron it floated on top, therefore the cinder door was above the keeper's door.

Wooden Moulds Used

Prior to the flushing of the molten iron, the sand bed onto which it was run, was hollowed out with big wooden moulds. Flowing into the depressions thus made, the iron hardened as it cooled, forming into pigs, or commercial ingots.

It was the duty of the budger to break the pigs loose before they had cooled too solid. Once in a while he stepped on a pig hot enough to burn his feet. To prevent injury he strapped heavy wooden soles over his shoes or boots.

Collins Green was a pretty good chunk of a boy when James Clifton, manager of the company store in the building in the village, hired a new molasses monkey. That was the name applied locally to the clerk.

Looking back, Mr. Green wonders how the people in those days could get away with such outlandish quantities of molasses. Each family had a bucket which the kids had to take to the store for refilling all the time.

Molasses Ran Slow

He well remembers the unconscionably long time it took to get the bucket filled before breakfast in cold weather. "Slow as molasses in January," the popular phrase, was well founded. The retailer bought molasses in bulk, by the barrel.

The new molasses monkey was Jesse Hartman. He had come from Springfield Mines. Full of fun and vitality, the good looking young fellow soon was everybody's friend. Eventually, he was transferred to B. M. Johnston's store at Hollidaysburg and married the boss' daughter, just like the stan-

dard theme in fiction. His wife's father was Mr. Denniston of Denniston and Porter.

Mr. Green graduated from school at 13. As a matter of fact, he was through school the year before, but accidentally sinking an axe in his knee while chopping wood, he had to walk on crutches.

While crippled, he went to school. That last winter he actually got down to business. Concentrating on arithmetic, he got so expert he stumped his teacher on occasion. Until the new school was built at McKee, he went to school at Leamersville.

Had Several Teachers

All the scholars living on the west side of the creek went to East Freedom. Those residing on the east side went to Leamersville. Mr. Green's teachers were Joe Whitaker, Tom Airhart, Ed Butler, George Grove and George Shiffler.

George Grove lived at Puzzle-town. He walked to school at Leamersville, taking a shortcut over the hills morning and evening.

Mr. Green's father was a wagon maker at Bloomfield Furnace and McKee. Left an orphan when a child, he was raised by John Lower. He got his schooling at the old Dick schoolhouse, with his foster father as his teacher.

Lured by the hope of good wages, he left the farm in young manhood and got a job at excavating for the reservoir which fed the Pennsylvania canal at Hollidaysburg. From there he helped lay

the track for the old Portage railroad.

Bred to mechanics, young Collins soon was handy man around his father's wagon shop. It was his job to saw out the felloes for the wheels, six for each front wheel, seven for back wheels. At 16 he got a job in the coke yards at Rodman.

Used Only Best Ore

At first, the miners at Ore Hill dug out only pure hematite ore. Anything less than a good chunk was cast aside as waste. Denniston and Porter soon saw the profit salvaging the slag.

The steam pump dam was operated primarily to force water to Ore Hill to wash the dross in order to reclaim the iron. Mr. Green helped move the dump while the salvaging was under way.

On account of the fossil ore being in the lower strata, it was necessary to mine it by means of tunnels. Blasting was resorted to also, making this type of mining both expensive and dangerous. Mr. Green knows this by experience. He used to work in the tunnel at the lower end of the gap.

In fact, he has had so many jobs that friends are apt to say when he names them over that he must be at least one hundred and fifty years old. The Bible record shows he is 83. He looks as if they had been very short years. Active, fine looking, he has refused the challenge of old age.



"WE REMEMBER"

The following is from a series of articles published in The Herald from time to time, contributed by an interested Herald reader at a distance, under the caption, "We Remember," and appearing under the pen name. "The Other One."

"OUT LOVERS"

We feel certain that a peculiar nostalgic feeling would come to the girls and boys of the 90's should they hear someone say, "Let's take a stroll out Lovers."

North Market street in those days was seldom if ever called anything except "Lovers Lane." It may be that the name was given because so many young couples would go for a summer evening stroll out this favorite of all streets for walking.

It was certainly the custom to go walking here after the mail had been distributed each week-day evening, and after church was dismissed on Sunday evenings was considered a regular and proper procedure.

Fred Keagy's store stood at the northwest corner of the square and it is there we shall start. For seldom did anyone walk out "Lovers" on the east side of the street.

The wooden awning supported by iron poles at the corner was a welcome shelter from the heat of the day, or should a sudden storm come up, it was a place to keep dry. One of the town pumps stood at this corner, and like most of them, was raised above the street by a platform.

Keagy Home and Garden

The Keagy home and garden came next. What a cool spot the Keagy porch appeared to be, as indeed it was. Next to the house was the garden, fenced in by an iron fence that ran all the way to the salt house at the far end of the lot. The garden was quite a few feet below the level of the pavement. We remember seeing croquet being played in this garden of a summer evening.

The salt house at the end of the street was no longer a salt house when we remember it, but was occupied as the postoffice. Can't remember the name of the postmistress, but she lived on Wall street near the corner of Christian (May's Hill to those who remember). This building was also the press room of The Herald for some time after "Mal" Bassler became interested in its publication. The type was set across the street and taken over to the press room.

Across the street and just at the corner of the alley was the furniture store of Henry Burket. Before this, we can remember a chair shop as being there. It was also at this corner we saw demonstrated for the first time the art that has made Edgar Bergen one of the top-notch entertainers of his day. The brother of William Chaplin (the barber) had come to town that summer, and standing in front of the cellar door he talked to an invisible and imaginary person in the cellar-way.

Chaplin Was Artist

By the way, speaking of this man Chaplin — he was a painter, an artist, and through his teaching

a great many screen doors and window screens were decorated with many different landscapes and other scenes. We feel sure that many will recall this time.

Upstairs in this same building, was The Herald office. This was when Grant Lehman was editor. It was about this time too, when The Herald started to display the Flag from the roof of this building. We feel sure that this may have been because of the national spirit aroused in town and surrounding country by an association known as the "A. P. A."

Quite a few we could name belonged, even though the membership was supposed to be a secret. Those who recall these days will remember the many flag-raising in the nearby country school houses, and the rousing rallies at each ceremony.

Remember Tin Shop

On the first floor we remember a tin shop operated by Ed Bonebreak. We remember the torches for the parade in celebration of the election of William McKinley in 1896 were made here. Believe Ed was a Democrat, too.

Next to the tin shop there was a shoe and harness shop. Seems to us now that the shop was run by Sam Johnson or a man by the name of Ott. Won't someone go to the editor and supply the names we are forced to omit for lack of memory? What a pleasure it would be for us to have some of those who have not paid "Charon's Fare," write more in detail of those days than we can.

The next house was the Clapper house and for some reason or other we were always afraid to go by; and you may be sure if it was at night we were always whistling.

Going back now again to the alley and back to the west side of

the street, we have the home of William Roberts, who kept store where The Herald office is at present. His soft-spoken, almost whispering voice furnished the boys with a nickname for him, "Whispering Billy."

To record this we do not mean any disrespect, for practically all of the older people in town were given nicknames by the younger ones, and we know we can speak for all that it was more in love than in disrespect that these names were coined.

Frank Roberts ("Mary" to you older boys and girls), who afterwards went to Philadelphia and became a successful dentist, was the youngest of the family, so that it fell to his lot to close the store, which was done promptly at 9 p.m. He would bring the screens from the entry at the north end of the store, and after putting them on the windows and doors would shut shop for the day.

Served Lunches in Store

Soon afterwards he could be found fairly often in "Swope" Stoner's grocery store. This store also was closed, but in the back of the store, "Swope" would set out lunches and soft drinks after hours, of course for a consideration. Mrs. Roberts was one of the most kindly souls it has ever been our pleasure to know. Should we live to be as old as the Patriarchs we can never forget the many kind words and deeds of this never to be forgotten lady.

Miss May was another member of the family, and we remember her best as a teacher in the Presbyterian Sunday school. It was on the stoop in front of the Roberts house that we saw our first copy of a then popular (very popular) book, "Quo Vadis." We can remember it distinctly. Bound in

royal purple and lettered in gold.

Next to the Roberts store was the home of Aunt Beckie Shiffler, correctly. And next to it resided Mrs. Sanders, and Miss Ella. We remember this house distinctly. 'Twas a good place to go in "Bels-nickel" season. The Christmas cookies were fine and good.

Miss Ella also taught in the Presbyterian Sunday school. Here were two ladies, mother and daughter, who always had a kind word to say and in saying it made you feel that there were in this world lots of good things not readily apparent.

We hope we have spelled the name
Sledding on Julian Street

This brings us to the corner of Julian street. We never called it anything but "Cannon Hill" and our principal use for it was a slide in the winter time for our sleds. Of course, like all young people, we were "peevied" when any one of the older folks put ashes on our slide.

On the east side of the street across Julian, was the home of Lawrence Campbell, the station agent. Mrs. Campbell, Hagey, Anna and Mary made up the household. We cannot help but mention Mary, whom we remember as walking along the street with Lawyer Lysinger who lived next door, and whom she addressed as "Sammy."

Next to Lawrence Campbell's house was the home of Lawyer S. B. Lysinger, mentioned in the last paragraph, counselor-at-law, secretary and member of the school board. Here was a man, who with only one arm was always busy doing things for the community. His office was on East Allegheny street.

Remember Walnut Tree

Next to the Lysinger property

was a vacant lot on which we remember was a big walnut tree that was always full in the proper season. An alley separated the houses on Julian street from those on Christian street, and then we come to a really fine property, the home of Levi Bolger.

There was a fine boardwalk in front of this property. One need not be afraid of stubbing one's toes if they went barefoot in the summer as we usually did. A fine yard, plenty of flowers and a well built house made this property very attractive.

This was home to the popular "Dr. Bolger the dentist," also J. Calvin, who was away studying music most of the time. They were older than the particular generation it was our fortune to associate with, but were nevertheless well known and loved by all.

The next house on the east side of the street was the Davis home. It seems to us now that there was a daughter named Maud, who went with Tillie Straesser, sang a duet in the first commencement exercises held by the high school under the professorship of E. S. Kagarise.

Next was Christian street on "May's Hill." This was also used for sledding, a panel being taken out of its fence at the alley just west of North Market street.

As there were only one or two houses left on this side of the street, let us take a look at them before we go back to Julian street and take up the west side of the street.

Severe Electric Storm

The first house north of Christian street was the Methodist parsonage. How many remember the thunderstorm when the Rev. J. K. Lloyd received quite a shock while he was trying to fix the down cor-

ner pipe on the house? Our own recollection goes back to a holiday party given late in December by Mrs. J. B. Brenneman to her Sunday school class.

We remember Harry Yon, Arthur and Clara Keagy, Peter Lehman and Will Megargee. 'Twas a very cold Saturday afternoon and we remember our ears were nearly frosted even in a short time. We remember a very fine dinner and an enjoyable evening made very pleasant indeed by this likeable couple.

This class thought a great deal of Miss Brenneman. Wonder where all these boys are. Some we know have passed on, but others may be able to say "here" to a roll call, and it would be a pleasure to have them drop a line to the editor thus reporting.

Oldest House in Town

The next house was reputedly the oldest in town, at least a part of it. It was the Blake home. Beyond was Fairview cemetery about which we will have a word to say when we come to the end of the street on the west side.

Back at Julian street on the west side was the home of George Paul, the blacksmith, the shop being farther west on Julian street. This was a red brick house and a very nice property.

Next door was the home for a while of John Shubert and his three boys, Will, Bert and Charlie. An aunt kept house, Mrs. Shubert having died years before. Will was a drummer in the fife and drum corps connected with the Martinsburg cadets.

Seems to us that Bert was interested in pigeons and chickens when they later moved to Julian street. "J. O." of course was the genial keeper of the candy and refreshment store just west

of the "Square", next to Alex. Bobb's.

Stranger in a way than the former keeper of its refreshment stand was Pete Zimmerman, who lived in the next house "Out Lovers." There was a boardwalk in front of this property and the garden was about three or four feet below the walk. Clair and Claude Ainsley lived here. They were sons of Mrs. Zimmerman.

Home of Printer

Later Grant Lehman, the printer, lived here. If we remember correctly when we come to the end of this property there was a step down in the boardwalk. And we were then in front of the Liebegott home. George was one of the boys and went to the Pittsburgh district after he graduated from High school. Seems to us there were more boys and girls and we hope some one will fill this gap—by writing to the editor.

Sam Zimmerman's carriage shop was next and we still remember him going to the drug store for the high class varnish he used on the very excellent buggies and carriages he built.

Now again we are at Christian street and its first house on the other side was the home of Sam Zimmerman, carriage builder. Ed. Straesser and Roy Claibagh should know about this house, for they both courted their wives there.

Dave Stoner and his family of boys lived next and we particularly remember "Short" Stoner, so called because he was so tall. Once after being away from town for some time, some one asked "Short" if he knew us. "Sure I do" he replied, "I would know his hide in a tan yard."

The Church of God parsonage

was next and we best remember the regime of the Rev. Houston.

Went To Philippines

Then came homes of the Kurtz and Meyers families. Harvey Kurtz was one of the boys who went to the Philippines during the insurrection of 1898.

As we remember the last house on the street was occupied by Isaac Campbell, who operated the lime stone quarry and kiln in the nearby fields.

From this point out to the lane running to the quarry was a rail fence and this was a favorite place for the boys to congregate and watch for the shooting stars, which in the clear air seemed so near. Looking west from this end of the street we have seen in swampy ground in the hollow "ignis fatuus."

Many Made Last Trip

The end of the street was Fairview cemetery. And in late years when we have been in the old town and wandered among the graves we knew that a great many of those we revered and loved had made their last trip "Out Lovers;" and were now at rest in this peaceful spot.

When we think of the "last processions" we cannot help but remember a couplet taught us by Prof. Kagarise.

Something like this it went:

"Tread softly, bow the head.

In reverent silence bow

For an immortal soul

Is passing now."

Personally we can think of no place we would rather be, "On that bright and cloudless morning," than on this ridge either Fairview or Spring Hope, there to witness the trumpeting Angel coming over the crest of "Old Tussey." Truly an ambition worth striving for, to be in glorious

company of those who coming forth, will see and understand.

"THE OTHER ONE"

The writer of "We Remember," in going over some old papers, discovered a manuscript written probably around 1920 or 1925, which he thought might be of interest to Herald readers, and as we heartily agree with him, we are publishing it

We believe that a column dedicated each week to those who may wish to recall scenes and events in the old town 25 years ago, will be of interest. It will at the same time preserve for some future historian, facts, which if not recorded, will sooner or later pass from the memory of all. And it is important that such things should be placed on permanent record.

No one, unless they have searched for just such items of interest as we hope will be printed in this column, can imagine what a disappointment it is to look in the files of old newspapers for a fact concerning a certain period, only to find that no one thought enough about the matter to make a written record of it.

And aside from the real benefit it will be to some searcher through the files of the Herald, in the future, we hope to make it of interest to those who were boys and girls about a generation ago.

Just where to start is always a problem, and yet a start must be made. We will ask then how many remember when the awning supported by iron pipes covered the sidewalk in front of the Keagy property, on the southeast corner of the Square? It was considered quite a feat among the boys of that day to be able to climb one of these iron supports from the pavement to the awning. It was cer-

tainly a place of shelter on rainy or stormy days and a place of congregations after nightfall.

How many remember when there was a sunken garden extending along North Market street side of the other Keagy property? This garden reached from the residence just in the rear of the store almost to the alley on the south side of the Roberts' property on the same street.

How many recall that besides the vegetable garden there was a considerable collection of flowering plants; also a croquet ground where certain favored ones were to be found on pleasant summer afternoons and evenings, engaged in their favorite game?

Just at the corner of the alley above-mentioned, was a red frame building that served for a post-office when Miss Snyder was post-mistress. This was during the second administration of Grover Cleveland. Later the postoffice was moved to East Allegheny street. But that was after Charlie Straesser became postmaster.

The southwest corner was occupied by Eichelberger, Earlenbaugh and company. At that time, Charlie Straesser, above mentioned, and Joe Benson were clerks in this store. Also, if we are not mistaken, Al Stoner, who later had a grocery store of his own on East Allegheny street, was a clerk during the same period. It was the favorite threat of Benson and Stoner, to get rid of small boys. They threatened to grease them with fish oil and swallow them.

On the northeast corner stood the McFadden residence, later purchased and occupied by Daniel Brown, who at that time lived about one mile south of town on the road to Woodbury. Protecting the pavement in front of the Keagy

store on the northwest corner there was an awning similar to the one on the southeast corner.

Along the western front of this store there was a platform used in displaying certain kinds of merchandise. In the evenings when the merchandise had been removed indoors, this platform was quite a loafing place. Sundays usually found quite a congregation at this corner. Fred Keagy used to admonish the boys who were there during Sunday school hours by saying, "You boys would be better off in Sunday school." No doubt he was right, too.

So many events which took place at or near this Square, the center of all things about the town, come crowding into our mind that it is impossible to tell of them in their proper sequence. Therefore, a great many of them will be told as they fit into other parts of these reminiscences.

Three things are certain however, and they are that it was the favorite place to play "Prisoners Base," the start of the game "Run Fox Run," and the gathering place for all the wagons, buggies, etc., on Hallowe'en. The very mention of Hallowe'en must call to memory in a great many minds, stirring events, that should be told, now that time has softened the offenses.

North Market street, especially the west side, is probably known better than any other street in the whole town. Who does not remember "Lover's Lane"? Just why it was named thus is difficult to say. But one is almost safe in saying that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. How many young fellows, after having made bold to ask their best girl to go walking after church, said "Shall we walk out Lover's?"

It was not particularly dark, if that might be considered a reason, nor were the sidewalks any better than on the other streets. Perhaps it was only fashion. It is safe to say however, that more romances were born on "Lover's Retreat" than the various firesides about town. Of course the street may have appealed to some in a prophetic sense, there was a cemetery at the far end of the street.

How many remember "Pete" Zimmerman's confectionery store on West Allegheny street? Later John Shubert kept store in the same place. What a comfortable place the bench back of the hot stove was on cold winter nights. It was quite a gathering place for the boys after the arrival of the evening train, and the postoffice had been closed. Of course, most everyone in town loafed in or around the postoffice, from the time the train "came in" until the mail had been distributed.

The back room of this store was quite a rendezvous for young couples on summer evenings, either before or after a walk in "Lover's Lane." John Shubert kept the only dispensary of ice cream in the town, those days. The same room in the winter time was turned into an oyster saloon. And "John O." as he liked to be called, prided himself on the oyster stews he set before his customers.

The chairs in front of Will Young's tobacco shop, when it was on the north side of East Allegheny street, was a favorite gathering place on summer evenings for men above 25 years of age. Although we understood that all the important topics of the day were fully discussed and settled, we were not present, and therefore are unable to report fully. After the store was moved to the other

side of the street, the favorite loafing place was a bench, sometimes placed against the front of the store, and at other times along the curb.

Clabaugh's tailor shop was also a favorite loafing place for some of the elect. This is in the years around 1897 to 1900. Many arguments and discussions on just as many subjects took place. The regular attendants at these conferences were Prof. Kagarise, George Wineland, both Clabaugh brothers, Martin Bonner, Carl Grafius, John Roberts, and others whose names do not come readily to mind. A favorite diversion among the devotees at this shrine of knowledge was to slip a well wetted tailor's sponge under one who was about to sit down. Of course all appreciated the joke except the sitter.

Another place for congregating was the lunch bar in the rear of Al Stoner's grocery store. Usually the store was closed about 9:30 p. m. After that, there could always be found lined up along the lunch bar quite a few of the boys, especially those who had been able to accumulate sufficient money to purchase sandwiches and "pop."

During the days of the Boer War, it was a favorite diversion to drop into Chaplin's barber shop and get a rise out of "Dad" Chaplin, by telling him how wrong the English were to persecute that helpless people. He was indeed one of the few people in town who championed the cause of England in those days.

This same barber shop was also known as the "Senate Chamber." For be it known that there was discussed in that place all questions of popular government, education, religion, and local politics. Will Chaplin often entertained the members of the junta by

playing the guitar, and, quite frequently ones who could play other instruments dropped in, and then there would be a concert.

A place that was a favorite among the smaller boys was the small candy store of "Jake" Kochenderfer, in the old I.O.O.F. building on South Market street. I think this was because of his apparent love for all small boys, and especially his son Clarence. Clarence was without doubt the "apple of his eye," and when he gave candy to him, those boys who were with him at the time were likewise favored.

How many boys remember the Sunday afternoon gatherings in the office of Mentzer's meat market? It takes quite a good memory to recall all the names of those who were present at different times, and yet one could almost safely call the roll by mentioning the names of all boys between the ages of 25 and 40. The office of Megargee's livery stable, just in the rear, was likewise a place of meeting on wintry Sunday afternoons.

There were no women's clubs in those days, so that we cannot record anything regarding the regular meetings of the young ladies about the town. Some porches could, if they were able to speak, turn in some very interesting conversation that took place between different ones of the fair sex. One could nearly always hear a buzz of conversation in passing several of the porches on North Market street, as well as some that could be mentioned as belonging to East Allegheny street. But the girls of that day were more addicted to parties than they are at present, and it was at these same parties that the boys and girls usually met. A dance was an unheard of thing,

except in far-away Woodbury or Roaring Spring.

There was one place of meeting that was common to all. The railroad station. It was indeed a stormy, or extremely cold winter evening that did not see quite a crowd gathered to await the coming of the evening train from Altoona. The running schedule of this train did not vary much. It was always about 7:30 p.m. when it backed into town. Its coming was usually announced by someone with the words, "She is running onto the Y."

On cold winter evenings there was little lingering after the train had arrived. Those who had come to meet someone coming on the train, hurried themselves and their visitors up the diagonal path towards the Square. And those who had gone to the station out of idle curiosity, hurried after them as soon as they saw there was nothing of note to see. Some of the regulars waited long enough to say goodnight to Dan Snowberger, who was the rear brakeman in those days.

Summer evenings it was different. After an early supper a great many of the younger people went to what was then known as the common. Those of the sterner sex to engage in the great national sport, baseball, while the fair ones looked on. Or maybe stray couples walked on the railroad track toward the Y. As train time approached everyone could be seen moving in the direction of the station platform.

Also, there was not the hurry, especially on pleasant summer evenings. For what was more delightful than a walk from the station, after the train was in, to the Square, and thence out Lover's Lane. One could do this nicely and

get back to the postoffice while the mail was being distributed. Of course, for many it was time to go home, after the mail had been separated.

Speaking of baseball in the preceding paragraph brings to mind the various places about town used for play. Cannon Hill and May's Hill for coasting. The open space at the junction of South Market street and Locust streets together with the commons west of the railroad for ball playing. The picnic woods, or Snyder's woods, east of town for tennis and croquet. There were other coasting places than the ones mentioned, notably Loose's Hill, west of town. This was the favorite sliding place for boys and girls who lived "on the hill." On the Hill meant all that part of town westward from the stream that ran through the hollow where Dr. Royer's house stood.

However, Cannon Hill and May's Hill were the places used by the girls and boys who lived in the main part of town. They will no doubt remember that the start was made on Cannon Hill about opposite where the Reformed church stands, and on the south pavement. They usually took several boards off the fence below Paul's blacksmith shop, and by doing this they could coast all the way down to Harry Lykens' house. The ride on May's Hill was just about as long and if anything, a little more steep. Some people who lived along this coasting place had a habit of throwing ashes on the slide and spoiling all coasting.

The playing of baseball about the town is a topic that should be given a great deal of space. For, aside from the playing of the younger boys of that day, Martinsburg boasted of a big team that could beat the teams that came

from Altoona and others of the larger towns. We will therefore write something about the oldtime baseball players at another time.

There was a tennis court in Snyder's woods that was used by the elect in those days. Not many men played the game at that time. There were a few devotees, and there were some tournaments played on the court above-mentioned. But as we recall that court it was rather stony and not a very good place for fancy playing.

Croquet was played a great deal, especially so on Saturday afternoons and evenings. You could almost see several matches going on at the same time, on the more or less level spaces in "The Woods." In those days there were still some wild flowers in those woods, and one could in the autumn find a few chestnut trees that had not been destroyed by the blight. There was in the field just west of the woods a patch of wild strawberries. It was proven to us there, first of all, the truth of Isaac Walton's saying, that, "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did."

In speaking of playgrounds, one should not overlook the marble-playing place in front of the Clabaugh residence. Here on summer days and evenings could always be found those who found pleasure in this mild sport. We had not a few experts in those days. Chief among them was Bob Sipes. Who does not remember with what unerring aim he was able to shoot the opponents' marbles out of the ring? It seems we played a game of marbles peculiar to Martinsburg. We did not play for marbles, but for the game. Furthermore, we believe that in an open contest with the other towns of the county, Martinsburg would have taken the prize.

The organization known as "The Martinsburg Cadet Corps," popular around 1900 or 1905, must be quite a pleasant memory, to members still living. All will remember Captain Charles Lenning, the organizer and the life of the company. He had the happy faculty of instilling into boy members of the company all the fire and enthusiasm he had for the success of the Cadet Corps. And the boys worked with a will, drilled faithfully, and when they made their first public appearance dressed in natty white duck uniforms, we don't believe there was a prouder town in the state of Pennsylvania.

The company was democratic, as was to be expected in a small town. And yet the boys looked up to Captain Lenning as their leader, and observed the discipline expected by him in a remarkable manner. If we were to call the roll of this famous company, we fear many would not answer "here." It would be a pleasure to hear from all who could. There is scarcely any doubt but that the idea for this company was formed in Captain Lenning's mind by seeing and photographing a previous company.

This company was composed of boys and young men, and was drilled for service in the Memorial Day exercises.

Colonel Knee, whom every boy will recall, and Harry Kauffman drilled the boys in this older company. We remember very well a certain Memorial Day morning, in the middle nineties, when Captain Kauffman had his boys lined up on the pavement just east of the school house. Captain Lenning, the professional photographer of Martinsburg and vicinity, took their picture, before they started to march to meet the incoming morning train. Some of the older boys

were in the fife and drum corps that marched at the head of the company. Homer Lehman, George Chaplin and Will Shubert were some of the musicians.

Going back again to the company first mentioned, it will be recalled that they used the large hall in the Seminary buildings to perfect their drill. Most anyone who recalls those days will remember hearing King Rupley blow "Assembly," and shortly thereafter see all the young members going towards the drill hall. If we are not mistaken, the first public drill was in the open space where South Market and Locust streets meet.

The next big event was the field day exercises and drill in the big field just west of Snyder's grove. That was indeed a Fourth of July, long remembered. It was probably the first time the town had been treated to the spectacle of a sham battle, and to say that every looker-on enjoyed it is being very conservative. The cadets were armed, with wooden guns and used percussion caps for ammunition, but the thrill was there just the same. It was the precision with which the boys executed the various orders that made the event a beautiful picture. They were almost perfect.

Captain Lenning and the boys cannot be given too much credit for this institution. Many of the boys came from families who could hardly afford to equip their boys in the prescribed manner. But everyone was a hustler. Festivals, the ever-popular way of raising money, were held and goodly sums resulted. These sums, along with some personal subscriptions, enabled the institution to keep alive for quite a time.

Younger boys became enthused and soon another company for

them was formed. Old regular army uniforms were secured from a second-hand dealer in New York, and the boys were, if anything, prouder than ever. Those uniforms some intended for full sized men, were on boys and naturally they did not fit.

After the Spanish War, when some of the older boys who had seen actual service, had returned and told of their experiences, the fever died down to a certain extent. They had seen the real thing and scarcely cared to play any more at the substitute game. Some of the older boys had been to Cuba, some to the Philippines and some to Puerto Rico. What wonderful tales they told of night marches in Philippine swamps and rice fields. How they swam and forded the sluggish rivers all the while they were being annoyed by the natives.

To a town, none of whose citizens had even seen real tropical growth, the stories sounded almost unbelievable. That they were true was evidenced by the same character of stories from different boys at different times. One of the older boys was famous as the "baby of the Fighting Tenth." Alas, some of the boys contracted malaria and other fevers that shortened their lives.

In the late nineties, '98-'99, there arrived on the siding at the railroad station, the Philippine Car. In it was a collection of the various products of those islands, together with pictures of many things it was impossible to transport to this country. It was perhaps the first idea of what the tropics contained ever presented to the inhabitants of that part of the state. It was more than a treat for the boys and girls going to school to visit the car after school hours.

And it is possible that there were lessons learned in that car that have never been forgotten.

It was also about this time that the Kansas Car made its appearance on the local siding. Although it presented things to view that had a more familiar and home-like look, it too drew crowds to see the things which Kansas wanted the people of the country to know were produced within her boundaries. The products of the prairies are not so numerous as those of the Philippine Islands. There were however, lots of things to interest the girls and boys. Isaac Campbell said that they had everything in the car except a cyclone, and he should have known, for he was once a resident of the state made famous by William Allen White.

We are not quite certain, but we believe it was about this time that the first moving picture show came to town. It was in connection with a stereopticon show, and was held in the large hall in the old Seminary buildings. There was, if memory serves correctly, a picture of the fire department of some large city answering an alarm. This was the serious picture. The comic as we remember, was the picture of a man sitting on a plank and fishing in a small creek or river. Someone upsets the plank and the man falls into the river, causing the usual amount of laughter.

Everyone likes to see a man get a wetting. Needless to say, these pictures had to be repeated several times that night. They made quite a hit. More so than a great many of the big productions of today do. The moving picture industry has certainly traveled a great distance since that day.

How many of the girls and boys of the early nineties remember the

big storm that blew the roof off Sanders' drug store? It happened just shortly before the noon recess, and we remember well that when we had reached that part of the street opposite the drug store—we were on our way from school—the several parts of the tin roof were lying in the gutters. One of the big willow trees that stood by the pump at the Gorsuch residence, blew over at the same time, taking with it a corner of the house. Other damage was done about town, but these are the two outstanding events.

Another blow in later years, which was not quite so severe, happened late in the afternoon. Quite a few of the apple trees in the Stoner orchards south of town were blown down. The one thing about this storm that stands out in our memory is the plaintive note of a turtle dove whose nest had been destroyed.

There was another institution in those days that a great many of the girls and boys will remember. This was Professor Croft's singing class. The classroom was above Sanders' drug store, in a room used by the band as a practice hall. Here the members would gather, and be put through the different exercises. Nearly always in the class singing, somebody was flat, and usually it was Paul Lehman. Professor Croft finally told him it was useless for him to try any longer.

It was in the days about which we are writing that Martinsburg boasted the best ball team in Blair county. The old files of the Herald will disclose the full lineup of the famous teams that represented the town in those days, but memory we are sure will draw a clear picture of these balltossers who up-

held the reputation of Martinsburg. Those were the days when the catcher stood about ten or twelve feet back of the batter, until the third strike. Then only did he take his position immediately back of the batter.

A great many will no doubt remember when Howe Gorsuch first donned a breast protector and caught them "hot off the bat." Ed Nicodemus from Altoona, and old Martinsburg boy at heart, used to come all the way from the metropolis to catch a game for the old home town team. And what a wonder he was at scooping them out of the dust. Howe Gorsuch's brother was a pitcher of renown. He had amazing speed. Charlie Nicodemus, a younger brother of Ed, was also a pitcher. He had only three fingers, one having been lost in the cogs of an ice cream freezer. He was known best as "Monk," or "Three Fingered Kate." Bob Sipes and Frank Skyles were pitchers too.

Of course all these pitchers played other positions when not pitching. Bob Sipes, in all probability, more nearly coordinated head and hand, than any of the other ones mentioned. He also played first base. Everyone must surely remember our second baseman, Ed or "Dingy" Bowers. Besides being a star at his favorite position, he was probably the hardest hitter on the team. He batted lefthanded, and when the playing field was on the common towards Royer's meadow, there was never a time when Ed came to the bat, but that the cry was "Knock it over the mill roof, Dingy." The mill referred to being Clappers mill. Many a time he was able to come through, and of course a home run was the result.

